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Cousin Edith

I HAVE a great admiration for my cousin Edith.

She is the only woman I know who has a man's self-reliance combined with womanly looks and charm.

Left penniless and untrained for any work, Edith promptly found herself a job as a domestic servant! Somehow she became a cook, steadily saved money and finally opened an excellent little cake shop at a South Coast resort.

She was running this successfully when war broke out. Most of her customers gradually evacuated, and it soon became obvious that she could not carry on.

It was then that Edith, for the first time, came to me for advice. Did I know how she could set about helping to look after children evacuated from bombed areas?

Well, I am an old bachelor with a house (in a reception area) far too large for me, so the solution was obvious. Edith moved in and prepared to receive a contingent of young and boisterous guests.

It was during this period that Edith began to lose her "sparkle." It was obvious that she had to drive herself to do her work. She would retire early to get a long sleep and still be tired the next day. Really worried, I called in my doctor, a sensible fellow who

spotted the trouble at once. Edith was only getting what he called 2nd Group Sleep.

It appears that there are three sleep groups. People who suffer from actual insomnia are in the 3rd Sleep Group. The 2nd Group are the people, like Edith, who sleep long enough and yet feel tired even when they begin the day. The 1st Group Sleepers are the people who get a good night's sleep and are completely rested and restored by it, so that they always start the day brimful of energy. Doctor told Edith that a cup of Horlicks each night could help her to get this 1st Group Sleep.

It was soon obvious that this was just what Edith needed. The tired, drawn look left her. She began to get back her old zest. The work went with a swing. "Horlicks gives me 1st Group Sleep," she told me, "and, I think, a reserve of energy too." I agree!

So would you if you could see Edith now! She does everything for our young guests, works from morn till night, and is happier, I think, than she has ever been.

DURING SLEEP, your body and mind should be completely rested and restored so that you are alert and brimful of energy next day. If your sleep does not "mend" you in this way, you cannot be your best or do your best.

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LONDON
NOVEMBER 19, 1941



Rosalind Russell and her New Screen Husband

Rosalind Russell, who not long ago became Mrs. Frederick Brisson in real life (see page 259), is married to Don Ameche in her new film, *The Feminine Touch*. He is a psychology professor who doesn't believe in jealousy and she is one of those wives who can't believe in love without jealousy. The story ends happily because she manages to get him worried about another man, and after he hits the other man (Van Heflin) and she slaps the other man's girl friend (Kay Francis), there's a big all-round reconciliation. All this is directed by Major W. S. Van Dyke II, and can be seen at the Empire



Way of the War

By "Foresight"

Vienna Diversion

EUROPE is once more filled with rumours of peace. Hitlerian peace! Hitler is planning to call a Continental Conference to proclaim his New Order. Nazi agents are spreading the tidings everywhere and in every way. Neutrals like Sweden, and probably Turkey, are to be bidden to the feast. Vienna has been selected as the meeting place. But no date has been finally fixed for the party. All this is most significant. It may be taken as a faithful reflection—from the very snows about Moscow—that the Russian campaign has definitely gone wrong. So there has to be a peace offensive; although no peace is intended.

More than any other modern politician, Hitler knows how to mix politics and military strategy. With the winter overtaking him in Russia—and at home!—he tries to switch world attention from the ghost-ridden steppes to the once gay but now ghostly city of Vienna. By setting the peace stage in Vienna he obviously desires to raise the wintry hopes of his own people, and confuse the peoples of the rest of the world.

Hitler's Miscalculation

THERE can be little doubt that Hitler always hoped to have his peace conference in Vienna. It has historical significance for him. The arrangements may well have been planned before the Russian campaign was launched, such is Nazi confidence. If this is true, it is an indication how badly Hitler miscalculated

the timing of the Russian campaign and the resistance he was about to meet. People in this country—under the mesmerism of organised German military strength—were woefully wrong in their prophecies. They included some of our foremost experts who had some, but apparently not all, inside information to go on. But they weren't in Hitler's shoes. He, at least, was supposed to know something of the Russian set-up. Were they not supposed to be Allies?

Now Hitler boasts that he could take Leningrad by frontal attack at any moment, but he is anxious to reduce the expenditure of human lives to a minimum. I suppose the same excuse applies to Moscow. But both cities were to have been in German hands weeks ago. German people were preparing for the victories. German propagandists announced the routing and the annihilation of the Russian armies—in advance.

I have discussed all the known facts of Hitler's Russian campaign with sober-minded judges and they agree that something has gone sadly wrong, not in the massing of the assaults on the Russians or in the organisation of supplies, but in the appreciation of Russian resistance. So Hitler must give his people something else to talk about.

Stalin's Confidence

STALIN has given his answer to Hitler's peace bid in advance. Russia will fight on. So has Mr. Churchill. Britain will not negotiate any peace terms with Hitler. The United

States will, at least, continue in ever-increasing volume their supplies of war materials in support of Russia and Britain. Can Hitler, in these circumstances, persuade the imprisoned peoples of Europe in their present mood of rising revolt that he represents freedom? If Moscow were to fall Goebbels might have a chance of convincing them, but only a slim chance.

Stalin's confidence is proving more infectious than Hitler's. His speech at the twenty-fourth anniversary of the Russian revolution was a remarkable effort. It impressed those who even found room for criticism. Equally significant was the annual parade of Russian armed forces on the Red Square of the threatened city of Moscow. Stalin could have been excused for dropping this. But he didn't. One who saw the troops rehearsing the ceremonial was impressed by their bearing, equipment and morale. Stalin's confidence was justified by one very important development. On his desk was a letter from President Roosevelt offering Russia an interest-free loan of £250,000,000.

President's Challenge

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT's action in offering this loan to Russia is one of the most daring political steps he has yet essayed. Previously he has always prepared his public for new departures. But this loan came out of the blue. The size and suddenness were equally remarkable. For Communism has always been more of a bogey in the New World than in the Old. In the United States Communism has been much feared. In these circumstances President Roosevelt's step was calculated to rouse considerable political opposition, but strangely enough it doesn't so far appear to have produced any angry reactions. Is this not an indication of how far the American people are themselves prepared to go in the war against Hitler?

The reaction of his people, or the lack of it, should be a great encouragement to President Roosevelt in following the natural consequences of his declared policy. To Stalin, the loan must have come as a great gesture of confidence from the very Citadel of Capitalism to the besieged Fortress of Socialism. All sorts of things can happen in this war, and have happened, but I believe this to be one of the most striking.

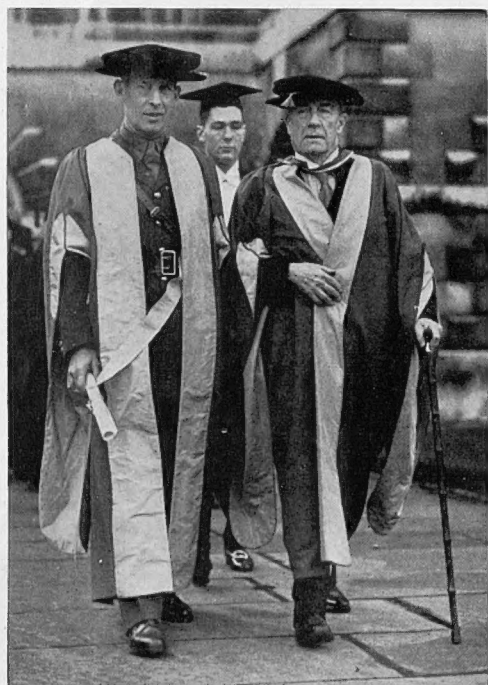
Stalin's Reply

CHEERY Maxim Litvinoff is to go to Washington as Soviet Ambassador. This is Stalin's immediate reply to President Roosevelt's gesture. The appointment means a lot. Litvinoff will make a success of his mission, for he has long experience of dealing with democratic countries.

He is, without a doubt, the most able of Russia's diplomats. He was in London in the early days of diplomatic relations between Britain and the Soviet Government. He negotiated Soviet Russia's diplomatic understanding with the United States. But it was in Geneva that he showed his great gifts when Russia became a member of the League of Nations. He was an ardent and realistic supporter of the policy of collective security. He did not hide his anti-German instincts; that is why he went into the wilderness when Stalin attempted to appease Hitler by making an agreement with him. It says a lot for Litvinoff, and his English wife who was formerly Miss Ivy Low, that he escaped the complete banishment that has been the fate of so many of his one-time colleagues.

Compensating Victories

THE British naval triumph in the Mediterranean when the Italian convoy was disposed of, together with its destroyer escort,



The King of Greece an LL.D

King George of Greece received the honorary degree of Doctor of Laws at Cambridge recently. With him in the picture is Lord Baldwin, who is Chancellor of the University. King George made a speech after receiving his degree, and amongst his audience were forty Greek students from other universities; one of them, Miss Heros Pesopoulos, came in Greek national costume



King Peter an Undergraduate

King Peter of Yugoslavia is now a member of Clare College, Cambridge. The King, who arrived in this country in June, with three of his ministers, has been living in the country with his mother Queen Marie. His eighteenth birthday and coming-of-age was celebrated in London two months ago



A Visit from Lord Derby

When Lord Derby made a tour of the Victoria Hospital, Blackpool, of which he is patron, accompanied by Alderman George Whittaker, chairman of the hospital, he stopped to talk to Joan Groom, who was the victim of an air raid last August. Lord Derby, who lives at Knowesley Park, is Lord Lieutenant of Lancashire, and was made an Hon. Freeman of Blackpool in 1934



A Game with Sir Francis

Sir Francis Fremantle, M.P., has sixty small guests at his home, Bedwell Park, Hatfield, evacuees from the St. Leonard's Nursery School, St. Pancras, and one of them is certainly glad to see his host. Sir Francis, M.P., for St. Albans since 1919, is Chairman of the Parliamentary Medical and Unionist Health and Housing Committees

compensated for the loss of the gallant Cossack, unfortunate as that was after such a short but distinguished career. But in the public mind the Prime Minister's announcement that we now equal Germany in air strength and quality of machines and personnel was the more gratifying news. This means that although Hitler's air force may soon be grounded for all practical purposes on the Eastern front, we have little to fear if he should transfer his attention to this country for the winter months.

We have won supremacy on the sea, and clearly the Prime Minister is confident that we shall have supremacy in a second element, the air, in the future. Having lost air supremacy Hitler will still have his land armies, but who can doubt that they must be, to say the least, somewhat battered after their battles in all parts of Europe? Even if Stalin's figures of comparative losses in the Russian campaign are reversed, they represent a formidable toll of German manhood.

Parliament's New Session

THE King, accompanied by the Queen, has opened a new session of Parliament, the third since the war began. Although the ceremony lacked the colourfulness of pre-war days, the dignity of tradition without panoply was most impressive. There were no crimson-robed peers—mostly they wore sombre morning dress or uniforms—and no peeresses in glittering tiaras. The King wore service dress, while Lord Simon, the Lord Chancellor, and the judges wore their black robes.

Parliament is complete only when the King meets the Lords and Commons together. In practice this happens at the beginning of each session when the policy of the Government is embodied in the Speech from the Throne. His Majesty read the Speech in slow, measured tones. His voice becomes as deep as King George V's, and his manner as dignified and as kingly.

Thirteenth, Fiftieth

EASILY distinguishable in the gathering of members of the House of Commons was Captain Algernon FitzRoy, the Speaker, in his

full-bottomed wig, a head and shoulders taller than the Prime Minister who was at his side. For Captain FitzRoy this month starts him on his thirteenth session—he has been Speaker since 1928—and also the golden anniversary of his wedding. Members of all parties have joined in planning a suitable commemoration of this event, for Captain FitzRoy is deservedly popular. He presides over the debates of the House of Commons with studied calm, which he sometimes breaks with a witticism. Although he has frequently urged members to develop more cut-and-thrust in their debates, Captain FitzRoy has always set the example of being good-tempered in the most trying circumstances.

Inspiration by Travel

BY travelling round the country, seeing men and women at work, the Prime Minister gathers inspiration for his speeches. Hours spent in his special train are never wasted. In fact, Mr. Churchill claims that he has never allowed himself to waste a minute. From the days of his youth he has planned every minute of his time. Wherever he goes Mr. Churchill takes his secretary with him, and in all sorts of places and at all times the speeches which are making history are dictated. In Downing Street they are revised, not once but many times. The final form is perfection according to Mr. Churchill's own standard.

There was a time—before he was in office—that his speeches were read to a family gathering before he delivered them in the House of Commons. In the very early days Mr. Churchill practised their declamation in front of a mirror. Now he is at the summit of his oratorical power, and no significant phrase ever lacks fullness of emphasis.

Premier Adamant

IN his powerful, confident speech at the opening of the new session the Prime Minister quickly showed one thing unmistakably. He is not going to change round his Cabinet at the behest of a small body of critics. So all the chatter in the clubs and lobbies in the

last few weeks has been just so much idle speculation. There was a time when Mr. Churchill might have switched round some of his ministers, but his present belligerent mood is not only directed against Hitler and Mussolini. He is ready to challenge any politician who dares to criticise his team, which he believes has done well through difficult times.

Most Prime Ministers hate making changes, and Mr. Churchill is the most warm-hearted of men who will stand by a friend or colleague against all-comers. He will even protect the weak links in the chain, which enables the critics to focus their assaults on the Government. But there is no doubt that Mr. Churchill is right in refusing to make any changes at the moment. If he had made one or two minor alterations in his Ministry there would have been an immediate demand for bigger and more far-reaching changes which he would have found it difficult to resist, having once admitted the need for reconstruction.

Ambassador's Future

SIR STAFFORD CRIPPS was due to relinquish his Ambassadorship to Russia at the end of this month. He is anxious to resume his place in the House of Commons. Before the German attack was launched on Russia Sir Stafford came home on the understanding that if and when war did start on the Eastern Front he would be ready to return. He has established the closest possible contact with the Soviet Government, and is the leader of the Diplomatic Corps in Russia. The difficulty would be to replace Sir Stafford, and therefore the Prime Minister has asked him to stay on.

In Westminster circles Sir Stafford Cripps' stock now stands very high. When he does return to this country it is naturally assumed that it will not be long before he is a member of the War Cabinet. Having now no allegiance to the official Labour Party, Sir Stafford has no political ties, and it is prophesied by some that sooner or later he will be leading a new party of the left-liberal school, for which there is no doubt he would get adherents from all present parties.

Myself at the Pictures

By James Agate

Jinks on the Ark Royal

I SAT through *Ships With Wings* more in anger than in sorrow. In this film a fortune has been expended, and the aid of the Admiralty invoked, on behalf of a story at which a schoolboy must laugh. And yet it's all so simple. Why, before thousands were poured out and the Fleet Air Arm was incommôded, did not Mr. Balcon summarise his plot on half a sheet of notepaper and invite some responsible film critic to give his or her opinion of it? We shouldn't have charged much, or at least I shouldn't. In return for a 2½d. stamp I would have told Mr. Balcon that his story wasn't worth 2d. Had Mr. Balcon adopted some such measure he would have been saved the mortification of hearing from Miss Lejeune that somebody ought to set his picture to music and sub-title it "All for an Admiral's Daughter."

FOR twenty minutes or so the film dithers about recounting how Lieutenant Stacey (John Clements) breaks off his affair with the little crooner Kay (Anne Todd) because he is in love with the admiral's daughter (Jane Baxter). This is all the more distressing because the director has insisted on coiffing Miss Baxter with a hat which would make a dray horse look ridiculous. War comes, and Stacey, who is a great flyer, is persuaded by the admiral's batty son to take him up in an aeroplane which has been declared unsafe. Stacey does this because the boy has promised to tell him where his sister is staying! At this point I desist from criticism to ask a question. Is the Fleet Air Arm so run that

anybody can take up any machine at any time? Like Rosa Dartle, I ask merely for information. At 10,000 feet or so there is trouble, and the boy is told to bale out. He pretends to and doesn't; Stacey does, and the boy hopping up again crashes the plane on to the deck of the *Ark Royal*. "I made it," he says and dies. Whereupon Stacey is court-martialled and dismissed the Service.

WE next see him piloting a ramshackle plane on a Greek island dotted with temples and gigolos tanning themselves in Mr. Norman Douglas's South Wind. Presently a plane arrives bearing the crooner Kay, and I think Rosa would want to know how she got leave to career about the Mediterranean in wartime. The reason it is Kay and not the admiral's daughter who is careering is because the latter has exchanged the impossible hat for a bridal veil. Now we meet a German Ober-Leutnant with a Streatham accent, and a Gestapo chief with a Lancashire one; and between them they kill Kay, which means that the women, who ought never to have been in the picture, bale out.

This lets in the story's middle section, which is all about the admiral (Mr. Leslie Banks) and the air-chief (Mr. Basil Sydney) who have nothing to do but glower at each other and debate in gentlemanly fashion the rival merits of guns and planes. As neither player has anything to act, both are wasted.

Now comes the third part of the film showing how the naughty Stacey makes good and blows up everything and everybody except, of

course, the *Ark Royal*. By the way, when part of an aircraft carrier is on fire does nobody make any attempt to put it out? Again, like Rosa, I merely ask for information. The final sequences on the mainland show how the exploding of the dam sweeps away an entire Panzer division which is inconveniently passing at the time. These are exciting. But the story is utter tosh, and I shall not easily forget that hat, which has taken to figuring in my dreams.

THE Colossus of the stock markets on his deathbed and anxious to see his son's fiancée before he dies. The scatterbrain helter-skeltering home to satisfy his dad's last wish. The fiancée who is out buying mourning with her impossible mother. The check-girl who is persuaded to pose as the fiancée. The recovery of the old man who turns out to have a heart as golden as his money bags. All this is, you might think, implicit with tedium. But once again it depends on the acting and the treatment, and I will agree, for once in a while, that the order of these two governing factors should be reversed.

Who is Henry Koster, and what else has he directed? In *It Started With Eve* he has done a brilliantly witty piece of work; if one had space one could mention dozens of camera shots each of which is a bon mot. The audience at the Leicester Square Theatre was highly appreciative of what seemed to me to be a new talent. But perhaps I am wrong. Perhaps Mr. Koster has produced masterpieces before and this is the first time I have sat up and taken notice. Anyhow, his present picture is a masterpiece if only a very little one, and I feel I shall recognise that touch when next I see it again.

CHARLES LAUGHTON runs away with the picture with a delightful portrait of merry and mischievous old age uncrabbing itself and getting immense enjoyment out of it. There was a time when our Charles was a trifle amateurish. He is now the perfect master of his art, and with all great comedians seems to roll his performances on his tongue. His Jonathan Reynolds is a collector's piece in film acting which no connoisseur should miss.

Deanna Durbin does very well as the check-girl, and we are not very much astonished when she turns out to have a voice which she is anxious to show off to the old man's friend, the conductor Stokowski. It is witty of the film not to show us the meeting, though I think that distinguished musician would point out to Deanna, or at any rate to Universal Pictures, that "Going Home" is not by Anton Dvořák though used by him in the New World Symphony. Is it churlish to ask how good, or at least how big, Deanna's voice really is? Is it a lark's twitter mechanically amplified? Or has it the volume we are meant to believe? I ask because at a recent trade show I complained that Claudette Colbert was bellowing like a sea-lioness. "We've tried reducing it," said the manager. "But when we did you couldn't hear Ray Milland!" Will some technician tell me whether we may take it that the ratio between Deanna's speaking and singing voice has not been tampered with?

Robert Cummings does well in a role that cries aloud for Robert Montgomery. There is a delightful second picture. This is *Russian Salad*, a pot-pourri of music, song and ballet direct from Leningrad.

A CORRECTION.

Owing to a slip of the pen, it was stated in last week's issue that Robert Morley plays the part of Brodie in the film of *Hatter's Castle*. Robert Newton, who, like Morley, was in *Major Barbara*, has the chief role in the Cronin picture. We apologise to both actors for this mistake.



Dorothy (Sarong) Lamour Has Gone South Again

If we ran a statistical department we could tell you how many Lamour sarongs screen history contains. As it is, we can only tell you she is wearing one again in her new film "Aloma of the South Seas," that the décor is as jungly and palmy as usual (probably it's kept permanently set up for her), that Jon Hall is again her brown-torsoed hero, and that the story of the island chief and his lovely affianced one is unrolled in Technicolor and shares the honours with the great volcanic eruption of Krakatoa. (At the Plaza.) Other news of the sarong star is that "Dottie Lamour is No. 1 pin-up girl of the U.S. Army," i.e., during a summer survey of Army posts, by the American magazine "Life," Miss Lamour's picture outnumbered by three to one all others pinned up in lockers and on walls by America's soldiery

"John Brown's Body..."

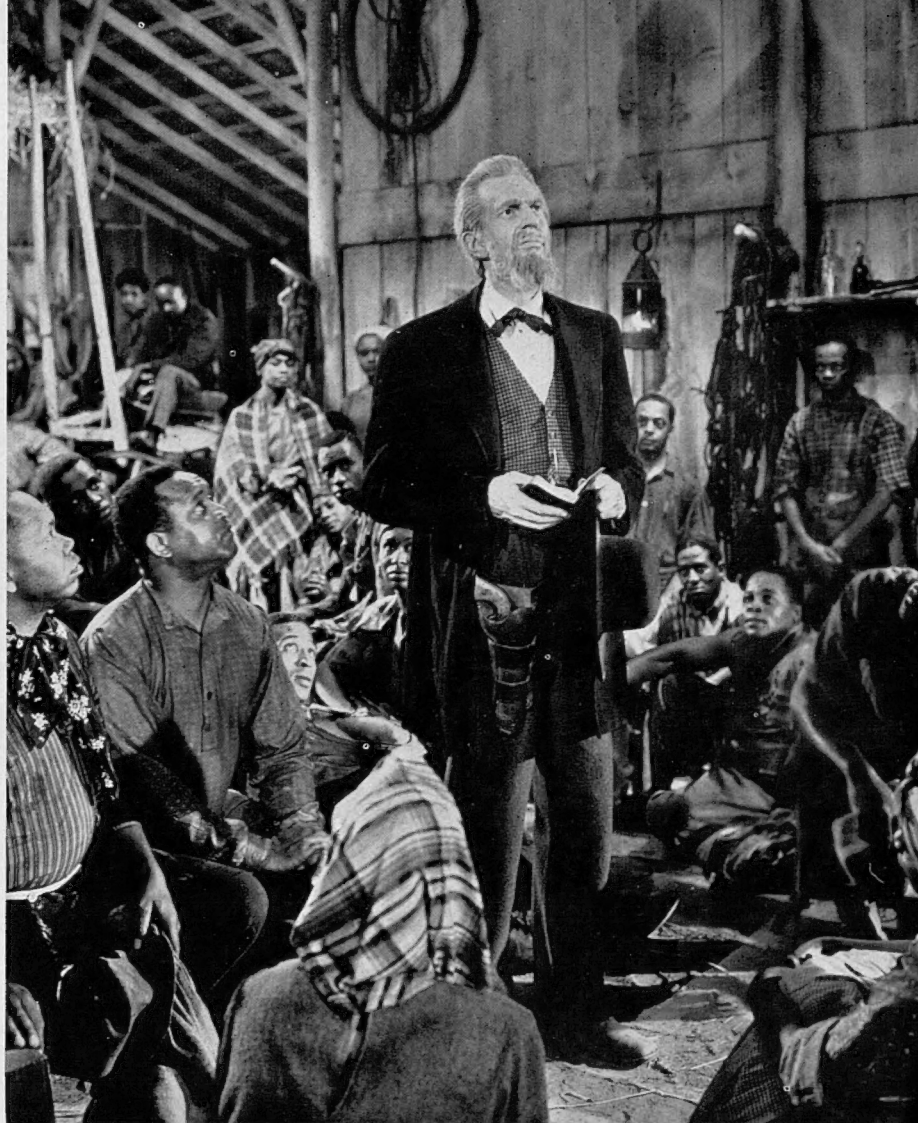
The Kansas Abolitionist Is Played by
Raymond Massey in "Santa Fé Trail"



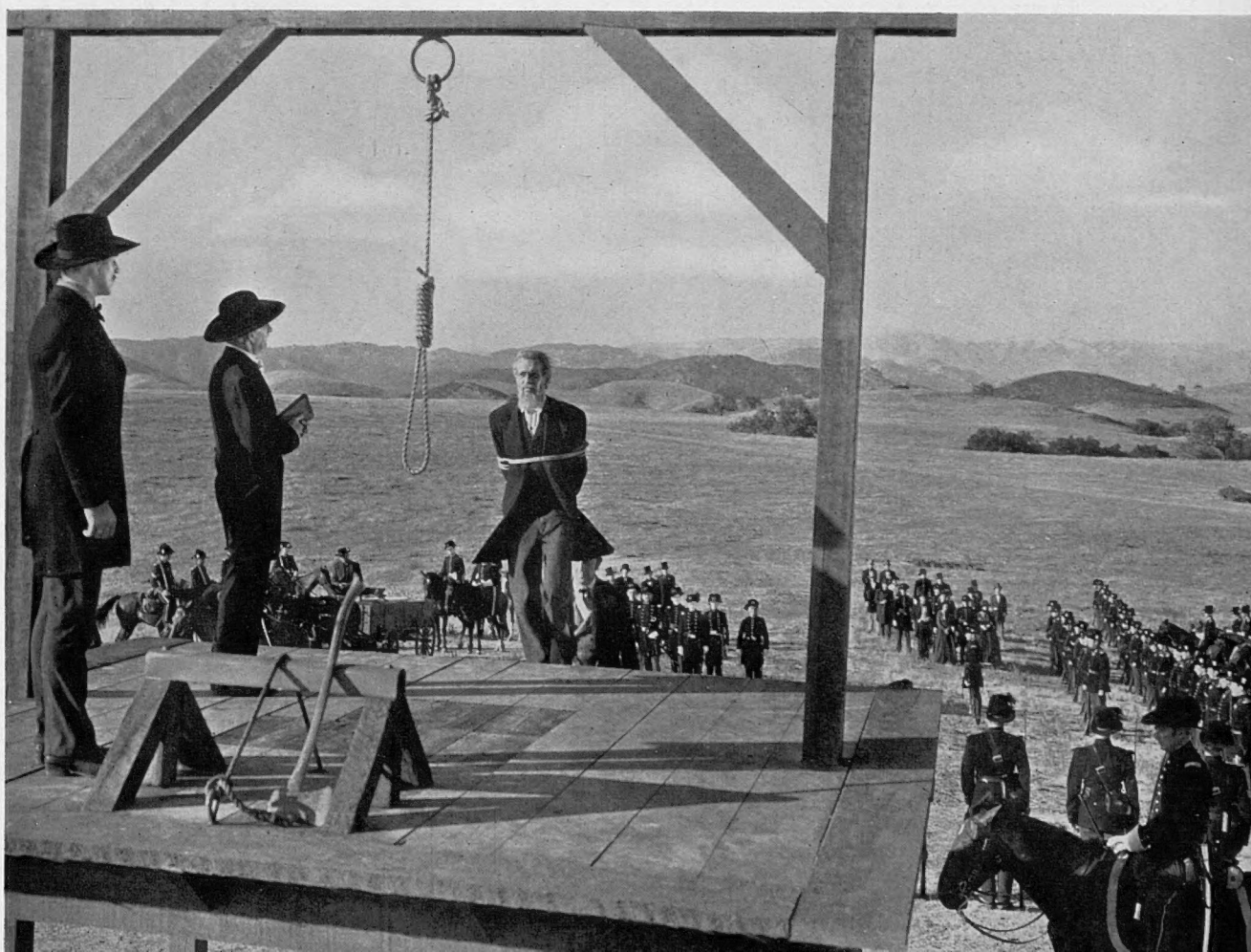
Errol Flynn plays Jeb Stuart, a young American soldier who was a member of the small force under Colonel Robert E. Lee which fought John Brown at Harper's Ferry. Olivia de Havilland is Kit Carson, the day whom Jeb loves and marries

Right: John Brown, wounded and made a prisoner in the Harper's Ferry fight, was then tried for treason and murder, convicted and condemned to death. He was hanged at Charleston in December, 1859.

Santa Fé Trail, now at the Warner Theatre, is first of all a love story in which Errol Flynn and Olivia de Havilland are concerned, and then a piece of reconstructed American history with John Brown as its central figure. Raymond Massey plays the abolitionist who after his death was immortalised in the song about "John Brown's Body," which millions more people know than know who John Brown was. Van Heflin who has a big part in another current film, *The Feminine Touch*, is Carl Rader, one of Brown's followers, in *Santa Fé Trail*. Michael Curtiz is the director



Raymond Massey, who has also played Abraham Lincoln on the screen, now appears as John Brown, the famous fighter against slave-owning in America. He established a mountain stronghold for fugitive slaves, and started to raise an anti-slavery army. His capture of the U.S. arsenal at Harper's Ferry was his last success



The Theatre

By Herbert Farjeon

Other People's Houses (Ambassadors)

THIS highly domestic comedy by Lynne Dexter sets out to provide all the fun of the home front. When the curtain rises, Marie Lohr in the character of Mrs. Sheldon is at the telephone, giving her weekly order and receiving rebuffs from the grocer. The audience rejoices in her reactions every time she can't get what she wants.

Before the first act is very far advanced, Miss Lohr has mistaken the evacuees who dismayingly descend upon her for the new cook who dismayingly doesn't. These evacuees are Olive Walter in the character of Mrs. Shore, a forbidding woman who knows her rights and means to have them, and Roberta Huby in the character of her daughter Safron, who knows her sex appeal and means to exercise it.

To add to the complications, there are newcomers in the house opposite—Henry Edwards in the character of Charles Maddock who, getting on in years, is all the more disposed to get off with girls, and Phyllis Dare in the character of his wife, Julia Maddock who, getting on in the B.B.C., is on the look-out for new radio sketches—as well she might be.

THESE Maddocks it is who cause the major troubles of the plot, for when the evacuee chit steals out in her nightie for a wee spree with Mr. Maddock, although she locks the door of her bedroom, she leaves the light on, and it shows, and the warden knocks, and the whole house is roused, and every one appears in slumberwear.



A husband's indiscretions may be a wife's entertainment (Henry Edwards and Phyllis Dare)

Mrs. Maddock as a disturber of the peace is less culpable. When she finds a young gentleman (Derek Blomfield) in the R.A.F. writing radio sketches in his spare time, it is natural that she should ask to see them. It is not her fault that he should be engaged to be

Sketches by
Tom Titt



Ma sends Ducky to bye-byes (Olive Walter and Roberta Huby)

married and that when she is reading a love passage from the sketch out loud with him, his fiancée (René Ray) should overhear their strictly proper protestations and jump to the wrong conclusion, after which a certain returning and re-returning of rings inevitably ensues.

All this is pretty vieux jeu. The authoress is not at her best in the more serious passages. A long speech delivered by Miss Dare on the whole duty of wives and husbands, who, together, should both give and take, leaves one a little apathetic. But the frivolous capers of the piece are devised with a thoroughly professional, if thoroughly middle-class, touch. There have been a thousand little comedies of just the same calibre and just the same quality, all of which might have been written by just the same author. And when Esma Cannon as a comic slavey gets tight, doing the whole thing very expertly and evoking any amount of laughter, there is, nevertheless, something too familiar and expected about it for life-long playgoers to be highly exhilarated.

Other People's Houses is, however, topical. It has something to do with what is going on in our daily lives. In this respect, there is more reason for its production than there has been for many of the comedies which have lately been presented in the West End. A first-class play does not need to be on the topical spot because it goes to the roots of all time. A second-class play is enormously helped by news-value.

This play is also helped in certain cases by its performers, especially Miss Olive Walter as the forbidding evacuee. Miss Lohr is valuable but might do well to guard against a tendency to take everything at top pressure. Roberta Huby's first appearance as the chit was alarming, but she is entertaining when you get used to her. René Ray, in a piece of this description, could not be bettered by any other ingénue, never subduing vitality to charm, of both of which she has a great deal. I am always hoping to see her in a part worth playing, for I have long had a secret suspicion that she can act.

(Photographs on pp. 262-263)



What can a housewife say when her son-in-law to be makes her maid tipsy? (Marie Lohr, Esma Cannon and Derek Blomfield)

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Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Fitzgerald—he is in the Irish Guards, and his father is brother and heir-presumptive of Sir John Fitzgerald, twenty-first Knight of Kerry



The Hon. Esmée Harmsworth and Miss Belinda Blew-Jones—Miss Harmsworth is Lord Rothermere's daughter, and Miss Blew-Jones is another of the "lost generation" of wartime debutantes



Colonel Philip Astley and the Hon. Mrs. Humphrey Wyndham—he was formerly the husband of actress Madeleine Carroll, and her husband is Lord Leconfield's youngest brother

Mallinson, Dr. J. J. Mallon, Sir David Milne-Watson, Wing-Commander J. S. Wheelwright, and Major-General K. G. Buchanan.

People About

AMONG the many people without hats at a cocktail party were Princess Obolensky, Miss Susan North, just arrived from Oxford, where she is working, and Lady Demetriadi, in a leopard coat.

Lady Charles Cavendish has been over from Ireland and staying at the May Fair, where Delia Lipinskaya has been singing Russian songs as an extra to the cabaret—she has red hair, and wears a plain black dress with white collar and cuffs.

Other people in and out have been Lady Huntingdon, Lord Bandon, Lady Kennard, and Lady Cheylesmore, who is an American.

Southampton Occasions

LADY MALMESBURY, C.B.E., President of the Hampshire branch of the British Red Cross Society, was presented, in Southampton, with a cheque for £231 8s. 10d., proceeds of the "Victory" garden show held last August. Lady Brickwood, vice-president of the Southampton branch of the Red Cross, was there, also the Sheriff, Councillor T. A. Ponsford, and Mrs. Ponsford, and the Mayor, who made a speech of welcome.

In Southampton, too, there has been a large meeting of Women's Voluntary Service Workers, at which the Mayoress, Mrs. W. Lewis, O.B.E., welcomed Lady Northampton, Regional Administrator of the W.V.S., and thanked the workers for their efforts. Captain F. J. Phillips, O.B.E., Controller of Civil Defence Services in Southampton, also congratulated the W.V.S., and Mrs. Thorneycroft Donaldson, J.P., Chairman, was one of the people who made speeches.

Ball

COUPONLESS young ladies will be able to take their ball dresses out of moth bags for the Empire Ball at Grosvenor House on Nov. 21st. This used to be an annual event,

and Mrs. (Snow-Medal) Neville-Rolfe, of the British Social Hygiene Council, has been encouraged by lack of blitzes to get it up again this year.

Lady Emmott is president, and Lady Shaftesbury and Lady Langdon Brown vice-presidents. High Commissioners are all very keen on the ball providing a happy evening for service men on leave, and Mrs. S. Lall (India), Mrs. Jordan (New Zealand) and Mrs. Lanigan O'Keffe (Southern Rhodesia) are all bringing parties. So are lots of mothers of war debts. ; Lady Emmott and Lady Davidson have already booked, and a big party will be the Amusement Caterers' Association's. They are the wealthy owners of Pleasure Parks and Side Show Palaces, where so many service men spend their spare time.

Supper Party

THERE was a lovely supper party at Grosvenor House to celebrate the two hundredth performance of "Rise Above It." The cast were all there, in nice clothes; Hermione Baddeley looked specially cute in blue, Hermione Gingold was in black, with big black tooth-shaped beads, and all the pretty young ladies—Prudence Hyman, Georgina Cookson, Carol Lynne and Virginia Winter looked treats.

Other people there included Mr. and Mrs. Jack de Leon, Mr. and Mrs. John Hunt, and Mr. Stephen Killick. Carol Lynne sang with the band, and Walter Crisham and Hermione Gingold did their lovely "How About It?" number. Most of the young ladies had orchids in their long hair, and Georgina Cookson had her golden retriever, George, in the cloakroom, but Virginia Winter had left her Siamese cat at home. Walter Crisham was lively and amusing, and Wilfred Hyde White, who rises so merrily from the ranks during the performance, had some pleasantly intimate anecdotes about the pigeon, Cassidy, with whom he is teamed.

OLD "TATLERS" AND "BYSTANDERS": a reader wishes to purchase back volumes or any loose copies of the above from 1918 to 1935 inclusive. Please communicate with Mrs. McCorquodale, River Cottage, Great Barford, Beds.

Two-Purpose Party

MARIE RAMBERT, and her husband, Ashley Dukes, had a party at the Mercury Theatre, to celebrate the publication of his autobiography and the twenty-first birthday of their daughter Angela.

Members of the Ballet Rambert were there—Andrée Howard, memorable for her "Lady Into Fox" and "Fête Étrange," Sally Gilmour, Walter Gore, Frank Staff, Elizabeth Schooling, and Guy Hamilton, who was at one time assistant to the French film director, Duvivier.

The Mercury productions, of plays and ballet, have always been interesting, and Mr. Dukes should have plenty to say in his biography.

Symbolism

THINGS like eggs, oranges and bananas are becoming more symbols of something or other than ordinary foodstuffs, and if encountered it would seem almost sacrilege to eat them in the old accepted way. Eggs should be carefully blown, and then used as decoration, or saved up until explosive, for use against the invader, and to give oranges to the dumb young for whom they are now reserved, seems as regardless as giving the indiscriminating little creatures champagne.

What to do with bananas does not at the moment arise, even occasionally, but the three shapes, of orange, banana and egg, are almost extinct enough to be used in heraldry, like griffons and unicorns—bananas or, supported by eggs couchant, etc. They could also become twentieth-century pub names, ousting ones like The Green Man in outré imagery.

WANTED—WASTE PAPER

Old books, old music, old letters, old receipts, time-tables, reference books, circulars, Press cuttings, invoices, newspapers. . . Your house or office is probably full of them, in odd corners. Scrap the lot! Turn them out ruthlessly.

The country urgently needs waste paper. The Salvage Department of the Ministry of Supply asks for 100,000 tons.



New neighbours set the Sheldons gazing over their garden wall. Mrs. Sheldon (Marie Löhr) has two daughters, Ann (René Ray) and Josephine (Pamela Stirling). They live in a Gloucestershire village



The stout lady who turns up at Long View, Glos., turns out to be Mrs. Shore, the evacuee, and not a new cook as Mrs. Sheldon thought (Olive Walter and Marie Löhr)

A love scene between actress Juliet (Phyllis Dare) and playwright Michael (Derek Blomfield) is only part of a sketch he has written, but his fiancée, Ann (René Ray), thinks it's the real thing



Lovers' quarrel temporarily estranges Michael and Ann, because she is sure he's infatuated with glamorous Mrs. Maddock. "Other People's Houses," in which all this happens, is Lynne Dexter's play at the Ambassadors, produced by Henry Kendall, and reviewed by Mr. Farjeon on p. 258



The maid at Long View is a nervous creature called Jones (Esma Cannon). Even Mr. Maddock (Henry Edwards) makes her cringe



Visitors arrive at Long View in the shape of Mr. and Mrs. Maddock, the new neighbours. Juliet Maddock (Phyllis Dare) is an actress, Charles Maddock (Henry Edwards) is a mild philanderer. The young man is Michael (Derek Blomfield), Ann Sheldon's fiancé

The flirting couple on the right are Saffron, the blonde baby from Brixton, and Charles Maddock



Dreaming of Brixton, below are Mrs. Shore and Miss Saffron Shore (Olive Walter and Roberta Huby), who, bombs or no bombs, want to go home

Hearts of gold beat in the breasts of Mrs. Sheldon (Marie Löhr) and Mrs. Maddock (Phyllis Dare), no matter what trials husbands, children, evacuees, servants and grocers set them



The South Sea beauty so dazzlingly descending Long View's simple staircase is Saffron Shore (Roberta Huby), flighty daughter of Mrs. Shore, the evacuee

Standing By ...

One Thing and Another

By D. B. Wyndham Lewis

FRIGID, distant blue eyes, a holy terror of being spoken to, a sidelong, awkward, panicky sheering-off movement, as of a startled crab—the old, old embarrassing Island story. A young Canadian officer in the South told it to us again last week, asking plaintively what the hell is biting the heirs of Drake and Nelson. Fortunately we could tell him.

Free, white, and twenty-five, he abandoned, like so many others—has it ever struck you that the only nations who entered this war for strictly idealist motives are Canada, Australia, New Zealand, and South Africa?—one of the liberal professions in 1939 and became a volunteer, and like so many other Dominion soldiers he still can't understand why the Island Race keeps him at arm's-length so carefully, even when overcharging. Being a Canadian, and French-Canadian at that, he was able to understand quickly when we explained that compulsory school cricket is at the root of it. Having been cut off from the mainstream of European life and civilisation for the past 400 years, the Race has been so further fossilised and incornifustibulated (we pointed out) by the ethic of the Straight Bat and all the rest of the tralala that to-day it hardly dare speak to anybody for fear of losing caste.

Light

CANADIANS, being by God's grace free from birth from this quaint tomfoolery and having no opinion of cricket to speak of, except that it is an ass-game, naturally prefer being billeted in Scotland, where the natives lack these inhibitions.

We were careful to add in defence that the Race is just the same freezing old

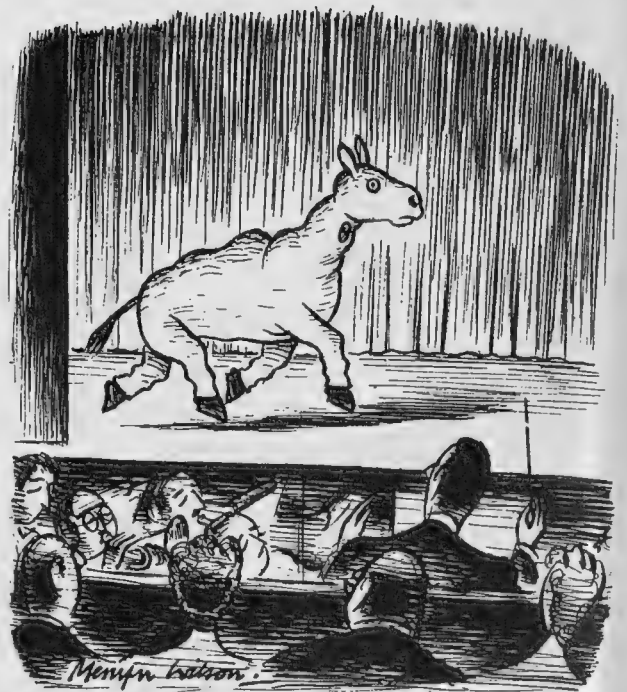
bundle at home. "Then nobody speaks to anybody?" asked this Canadian. "Nobody speaks to anybody," we said, "without a proper introduction by somebody decent." "I thought possibly a lot of 'em were just dead," he said. We hadn't the heart to assure the bronzed, warmhearted, pathetic lad that he had unwittingly stumbled on a great primal truth.

Sadismus

FADING out the first performance of the Walton Violin Concerto the other day eight bars before the end, so that some flubdub or other following it could start on the tick, is such a typical B.B.C. trick that we were mildly surprised to find a furious music-lover writing from Balliol to Auntie Times about it.

Anybody who has ever listened to the shrill babble of the B.B.C. boys in the Bolivar Bar or other drinking-pools is aware that sadism is their ruling motive. When by chance they have something good to offer the intelligent, nothing gives them a sharper ecstasy of delight than to cut it off abruptly, for they are a State monopoly and they know it. In the old blood-and-iron days when Broadcasting House was run by generals and admirals and grim Aberdeen engineers they were frequently flogged to death for this. Under Douce Aunt Ogilvie's gentler régime they get away with it because, a chap in close touch tells us, the fairies intercede.

Nobody can think much of the fairies for



"Put your best foot forward, there's an ENSA scout in front"

this, but this chap says a terrible wee auld softhearted boglewif from Kirriemuir drives them on, crying "Puir mitherless bairns!" and "Losh sakes, ye gomerals, ye ken fine the laddies hae naeboddy on this airth but oorsels an' Ogilvie!" The fairies then peek glumly into the inner sanctum, pop inside, and half an hour later a kind figure with tears in its eyes and a tiny wonderful ache in its heart rings for the Master-at-Arms and says Mrs. Cosy Comfort or Mrs. Dickery Dock says lay off the skelping forbye and gie everyone of those puir sinfu' laddies a thimble (or kiss). And that, chicks, is why your Uncle Crusty is so frequently ill after hastily switching off.

Tongue

ONE of the most fantastic cries, yelps, or mewings at the recent Science and New World Order Congress (houplà!) was the cry for a "universal language," which has already inspired what our Jacobean ancestors would call a painful scholar to invent a brand-new world-language, toot-sweet. *Dieu te garde de mal, maçon!* Who the devil d'you think wants it?

Apparently the science boys forgot, or refused to remember, that the world has a universal language in constant use, old as the hills and useful as a Service jackknife, namely Latin, which so many modern travellers, like the medievals, have found a boon. There's hardly a nook in the civilised world East or West where Latin can't get you out of a tight spot (we know a chap who used it in a remote Japanese village and escaped manhandling as a spy. The village big bonnet had been educated in Tokyo by French missionaries and could talk choicer Latin than he). French is next best, but chiefly useful in the towns and on the beaten track. The universality of the Romany tongue is a myth, apparently; a Basque gipsy doesn't understand a Balkan gipsy, and once in the colourful Triana or gipsy quarter of Manchester we saw a great knife-duel between two contrabandistas who had been talking English to each other for half an hour, neither comprehending a single word; for one came from Bradford and the other from Taunton.

(Concluded on page 266)



MAURICE McLOUGHLIN.

Overseas Roundabout



In the Philippines—Lady Diana Cooper and Her Hostess

Mr. Duff Cooper and his wife went to the East via the West, and one of their stopping-places was Manila, in the Philippines. There this picture was taken of Mrs. Francis B. Sayre, wife of the U.S. High Commissioner in the Philippines, and Lady Diana Cooper. Since the Duff Coopers' arrival in Singapore, they have made one trip to India and one, which is still in progress, to Australia



In Australia—the British High Commissioner and His Family

Sir Ronald Cross went out to Australia as High Commissioner in the early summer; he was photographed with his wife and his daughters, Angela and Susanna, in the garden of their new home in Canberra. He was formerly Minister of Shipping; was made a baronet in the Birthday Honours in June



In America—Queen Victoria's Chemise

A chemise bearing the Royal crest and once worn by Queen Victoria is (or was) to be sold in America by the British War Relief Society. Displaying it here are two B.W.R. workers, Mrs. Michael Phipps and Mrs. Kenneth P. Budd



In Syria—the Hadfield-Spears Ambulance Unit

Among those working with the Hadfield-Spears Ambulance Unit in Syria are the eight women above: (sitting) Miss Pamela Avery and Mrs. E. L. Spears (Mary Borden), the commandant; (standing) a Free French nurse, Miss Rosaleen Forbes, niece of the Earl of Granard; Miss Barbara Forbes, second in command; another Free French nurse; Miss Frania Kohen; Miss Annabel Mann, the Marchioness of Queensberry's sister. The unit, re-equipped after its last-minute escape from France in 1940, was then handed over to the Free French Forces, and tended both British and French soldiers in Syria

In California—the Duchess of Roxburghe



Right: the Duchess of Roxburghe had just arrived at Los Angeles by Clipper from Honolulu. She was on her way home from the East. Her husband, who is in the Army, has been serving abroad for some considerable time. She is the daughter of the Marquess and Marchioness of Crewe. Her husband's mother was American

Standing By ...

(Continued)

Collection

WHEN we referred the other week to the exploitation of the Bayeux Tapestry as invasion-of-England propaganda by the Goebbels boys, we didn't know that there is a full-size replica of the Tapestry in Reading Museum, worked by the fair hands of a number of ladies of Leek, Staffordshire (and we guess those needles modestly skipped one highly indelicate marginal figure in the original which still moves our rude Norman conquerors to giggles).

Small-town museums rarely show anything so interesting, in our experience. A few dusty neolithic flints and fossils, a few cloudy landscapes and daubs after Old Masters, a few Zulu assegais and Fijian knobkerries and snakes in spirits, a few bits of Roman pottery, a number of portraits of local *caciques*, like Dutch cheeses ripening in a row, soon exhaust the connoisseur's interest. Such museums are generally closed on the day you pass through the town, in any case, and we personally like them that way, being then able to imagine them crammed with marvellous and terrifying exhibits, such as the great Tarasque of Beaucaire, breathing flame, or a live local mayor with two heads, or the Mystery of

Glamis, or the lost Books of Livy, or an Inca prince covered in gold-dust, or a pair of Bp. Bradman's Sunday pants, or the webbed goose-feet of the Reine Pédauque, or Joyeuse, holy sword of Charlemagne, or the incisor-teeth of leading London publishers, deadly white and sharp, or the ring of Hans Carvel, or a little West End actress in a silver cage, preening and ogling, or a bagful of Rheingold, or the broomstick on which a leading British female novelist flew to the Bloksberg P.E.N. Congress in 1921.

If we were a good poet we should make a fine outcry and lament for these mirific things, louder and finer even than the famous cry of Samuel Butler when the old man stuffing an owl in a back-room of the Montreal Museum of Natural History told him why the cast of the Discobolus had been removed from public view:

"The Discobolus is put here because he is vulgar;
He has neither vest nor pants with which to cover his limbs;
I, Sir, am a person of most respectable connections,
My brother-in-law is haberdasher to Mr. Spurgeon."

O God! O Montreal!

Snoop

ACCORDING to a gossip-boy authority, women are drinking much less since the war began (or much more, we forget

which). This relates only to performances in West End restaurants and cocktail-bars, for we don't suppose the boy followed them all home.

Fine ladies have not been snooped at in this connection, to any extent, since the early eighteenth century, when all the moralists and satirists were raising a loud whoobub about their addiction to nips of ratafia, citron-water, and other alcoholic cordials at all hours, from the quick one on awaking to the final nightcap. Ratafia, unless we err, was something like Kirschwasser, on an almond or fruit-kernel base. Citron-water was aquavita with lemon, unless we rave. Both tended to redden the dainty nose and expand the graceful shape, but as paint covered the one and hoops the other it didn't much matter to girls of spirit.

Served in richly-cut shallow glass on a silver salver with the day's TATLER by a grinning little black page named Cæsar or Pompey, ratafia was sovereign for the maturational vapours and megrims, but as the day wore on it seems to have produced serious hiccups, also pimples. On the other hand it certainly made girls enjoy the TATLER, we can't help conjecturing wistfully.

The fruit-base of these Augustan cordials no doubt saved smart women from the dismal fate of the Bright Young People of the roaring 1920's, who as you remember succumbed utterly to gin and sank without trace, whooping pathetically with their final breath and rattling their feverish, emaciated frames like something out of Holbein's Dance of Death. What a warning against excess of gin; or maybe against excess of Bright Young People.

Change

THE fact that Cyprus, which Dr. Barnes of Birmingham says is governed by the British far less competently than Rhodes is by the Italians, is the principal stronghold of Aphrodite, Queen of Foreign Love, should always be remembered when such charges are brought.

A chap who knows Cyprus tells us that the principal result of the Rosyfingered One's having become a British subject is that whenever she appears in the flesh nowadays that once-naked trouble-maker is decently clothed in good serviceable Harris tweeds and thick sensible brogues. Peasants have seen her on the beaches practising imaginary iron-shots, and instead of carrying on in the old wicked Continental way and making eyes at sahibs she tries to rally the mothers of Cyprus for lectures on home cookery at the Institute. Her divine, voluptuous pan is red and weatherbeaten and her whole outlook healthier. At the request of the Administration she long ago gave up inflaming Heads of Departments with love, which interfered with routine (White Paper, 1889/C/A 76/ff.Y/15 app. VIII.).

Snag

NEVERTHELESS there is still some kind of languorous magic in the air of Cyprus, this chap says, which hampers British Administration to some extent. Globe-trotting M.P.s in bowler-hats and horrible topees disgrace themselves by going native now and again, as you might expect. A Major Gawpthorpe of the Sappers—the least passionate corps in the Army—was expelled the Island in 1935 for dancing, clad only in a vine-wreath, on the shore at dawn, clashing cymbals and crying "Toppin' wench, egad!"

An elderly clergyman found sacrificing a goat among some temple ruins was also asked to leave by the next ship.

D. B. Wyndham Lewis



"Where's your grammar, nurse? You mean your patients are exhausted"

Old Bill: By Bruce Bairnsfather



“Got a book o’ ghost stories yer could lend me, Sergeant?”

Letter From America

By Pamela Murray

Casualties on Broadway

THE first big air-raid rehearsal passed hitchlessly over Manhattan, and at about the same hour Gilbert Miller's expensively put-on *Anne of England* folded precipitately, leaving Flora Robson free to play Lady Macbeth, and recently-landed Barbara Everest to find another part. Luckily Ethel Borden (purposeful daughter of Mrs. J. Borden Harriman of Norway fame), the part adapter of Norman Ginsbury's *Viceroy Sarah* (which some of you liked six years ago), had sold out the first night in aid of a war charity; there were no pickings after the critics decided unanimously that Queen Anne was not alive.

A number of others succumbed at birth, so that in mid-October there were more theatres open in London than New York. From *Blithe Spirit*, which ran a successful week in Washington, B.W.R. and the American Theatre Wing were to benefit by the New York premiere organised by the new Mrs. Vincent Astor (whose predecessor, now Mrs. Lytle Hull, is the patron angel of New York musicians) and Rachel Crothers the playwright, with the support of Ethel (*Corn is Green* still going) Barrymore, Maurice (Macbeth to-be) Evans, and Mrs. Ava Ribblesdale (who dropped "Lady" on regaining American citizenship).

The Booming Ballet

COMMUNISM being still somewhat of a bogey in this country and the man on main street slow at snapping into a realistic mood, one cannot ascribe the boom in ballet to the war; rather to the paucity of alternatives. The Metropolitan Opera House is housing the Ballet Russe de Monte Carlo with its beloved-by-London stars and starlets—special emphasis on Toumanova and Danilova. Furthermore, the Ballet Joos enjoys enthusiastic attention, the *New York Times* calling *The Green Table*—"altogether beautiful."

Representing Great Britain

LORD NIGEL DOUGLAS-HAMILTON, flying from Canada, had a blind date arranged by a fellow Scots lawyer with Mr. George Whitney, one

of the nicest and best-looking older Long Islanders, who was a little apprehensive, having heard his guest described as "the clever brother."

Two members of Parliament are making very different rounds; Alan Lennox-Boyd, Guinness-by-marriage, moves socially in "Her Grace" Vanderbilt's orbit, after busy days with his Mission. A sudden flight to Chicago prevented him from dining with Anglophile Pery Osborne and his beautiful Spanish-looking Texan wife, who were looking forward to meeting the young Englishman.

Captain Arthur Marsden, Royal Navy, Member for the Egham Division of Surrey, was neither seen nor heard in the "monde" for over two months after his arrival from Newcastle (where he has been serving since he rejoined in August 1939) to set up machinery for arming Allied merchant ships in this hemisphere. Keen about his job, Arthur Marsden's only nights out were spent at the Seamen's Institute (which the Windsors visited), helping Mrs. Hélène Taylor. Then he was asked by veteran Sir Ashley Sparks (who gives a twelve-hour day to the British War Transport Board) to talk about the Royal Navy on Long Island. He got his audience instantly and held them (in spite of inordinately hard seats) by simplicity, vigour and pleasing sentiment. When the chairman recalled that Captain Marsden went down with his ship, the destroyer *Ardent*, at Jutland and swam for over seven hours before being picked up, he looked suitably embarrassed and, saying, "Let's talk about this war," told the story of another destroyer, *Kelly*, and of Lord Louis Mountbatten, with whose father he came to New York on a battleship "hundreds of years ago."

Though Sir Ashley could not be there, his daughter, Mrs. Edward Sim (whose elder boy by her first marriage, Van Burton, a grand horseman, is joining a certain English cavalry regiment), reported a favourable reaction, and in consequence Captain Marsden's constituents will be gratified to hear that he is deputising for Sir Gerald Campbell at a very important gathering in Philadelphia, city of Friends, and of Navy Yards.



Enthusiast for Scotland

Mrs. Julius White, of Mill Neck, L.I., shot the blackcock's feather in her glengarry at Diinnet, the Aberdeenshire home of Sir Malcolm Barclay-Harvey, which she and her husband rented for several pre-war years. They have leased it in advance for the first post-war season, and have their Clipper seats booked too. Mrs. White is also a great horse-racing enthusiast.

Up Town Topics

AT "21" visiting Hollywood moguls and others still pay the equivalent of a quid a head for half a grapefruit, cold cutlets, salad, and a pastry—cocktail and coffee extra. The place has more ease and atmosphere than anywhere we know, not that we know it often since "defence" taxation hit rich escorts. The gorgeous Georgian who succeeded Grand Duke Dmitri as Audrey Emery's husband was present, and the Beardsley-esque ex-Mrs. Harry Bullock. Her ex is the clever editor of *Town and Country*, her present something on the *New Yorker*.

At the John Moffatts' monthly cocktail party, usuals, such as Mrs. Hugh Leveson Gower, were augmented by Major Frank Goldsmith, to whom a Nassau friend had given the round-trip ticket and argent de poche for a business visit, otherwise he could not have left the Bahamas where his pretty Marcelle is teaching French to the evacuated Belmont School, including their own two boys. She loves this unaccustomed work.

At the San Regis reopening the Ormonde Lawson-Johnsons made a rare flashlight appearance. Both do full time voluntary war work and avoid gadding, there being a "down" on refugees who heartlessly chase a phantom good time.

I opine that "Mothers who beef" are a greater menace to Anglo-American relations than those who step out occasionally. This is the opinion of Mrs. Sylvester Prime (that good skier and sport, née Jacqueline Cartier), who writes from her husband's ancestral Shelter Island—"I'm tired of those who worry about their children being 'late' for English schools, learning slang and twang, etc. It seems much more important to me that their nerves, food and safety should be taken care of." Her sister, Alice Nater, and three babies are on the Gardiners' Island, plus two belonging to the maid-companion they brought from England.

Speaker from Eire

I ENJOYED meeting Senator Frank McDermott more than any visiting fireman since Arnold Lunn. This Irish cosmopolitan and Dublin correspondent of the *Sunday Times*, who used to live in Paris with his lovely-looking American wife (here with their small son, and her just-grown-up daughter who is Mrs. Kermit Roosevelt's new secretary), believes that Eire should lease those vital bases to the United States, and has said so in no uncertain terms, thereby alienating the blinder Irish-Americans (though a comfortably large majority agree with him) and arousing bitter disapproval in Dublin, whither he is flying to face the music, and because he feels he should not be absent if invasion comes.



Scottish Shopkeepers

Outside the Scottish Shop on East 57th Street, New York, are Miss May White, of Glasgow, Miss Leila McNeil, of the Orkney Islands, Mrs. Lutkin, British War Relief official, and Mrs. McNeil of Barra. Mrs. McNeil, who is American, devotes herself to the Scottish Clans Evacuation Plan, of which Pamela Murray wrote in the "Tatler" of November 5th



Speechmaker

Captain Arthur Marsden, M.P., who is in New York for the Admiralty, made a fine speech on the Royal Navy to a huge and delighted audience at Oyster Bay, Long Island. With him, just before he spoke, was Mrs. E. W. B. Sim, wife of Captain Sim, R.N., and daughter of Sir Ashley Sparks, the Anglo-U.S. shipping magnate. See above for more about the occasion

The Gifford Family in Sussex



Anthony Gifford assists his parents in feeding the chickens. He is also very interested in flowers, which he helps his mother to pick, finding them more interesting than vegetables

Lord Gifford inspects a squash, a kind of vegetable marrow grown by his Australian wife, who is a very efficient gardener, and has herself sown and cultivated every plant in the kitchen garden



Lord Gifford Goes to Work

Photographs by Swaebe



Lieut.-Com. Lord Gifford, R.N., and Lady Gifford and their young son Anthony live at Little Bridge House, Dane Hill, in a Sussex beauty spot. Lord Gifford, who served in the Navy during the last war, succeeded his uncle as 5th Baron in 1937. He was A.D.C. to the Governor of New South Wales from 1930 to 1935, and four years later married his Australian wife, formerly Ellice Margaret Wigram Allen, of Sydney. Lord Gifford is now at the Admiralty, and his wife works hard in the local W.V.S. canteen, looks after the kitchen garden and the chickens, and in her spare time makes camouflage nets



"C.B." held an audition at the Palace Theatre. With him were Fred Morgan, stage director at the Palace, André Howard, ballet mistress, and Buddy Bradley, O.C. dancing



Some of the Young Ladies Who Hoped to be



In a cool but picturesque costume, Pasukaa, a Jamaican dancer, watches the performers from behind the scenes at the theatre

Britain's

No. 1 Showman

C. B. Cochran Chooses Some Young Ladies for a New Revue

C. B. Cochran is preparing a new show—the first for over a year—which he hopes to have ready by Christmas time. Herbert Farjeon is the author, the dancing is in charge of Buddy Bradley, the famous coloured dancing teacher, while André Howard is arranging the ballet numbers. Beatrice Lillie and Patricia Burke are to be among its stars. "C.B.," the world-famous impresario, now 68 years old, has had nearly 50 years of experience in every form of showmanship, including stage, cabaret, circus, rodeo and boxing-ring, in Britain and America. Cochran shows have produced many a new star, and some of them have emerged from the ranks of his famous "Young Ladies." He recently held an audition at the Palace Theatre to choose fourteen new recruits on whom to bestow the coveted title



Ordeal by Dancing



Ordeal by Singing



In the Wings Is a Jealous

The lucky candidates—101 applied to fill 14 places—were signed on by Raymond Rollet, stage manager of the Palace Theatre, where the audition took place

Photographs by
Pictorial Press



Picked for Cochran's New Show



Fourteen-year-old Mary Reynolds, youngest of the girls to be chosen for the new show, is congratulated by her mother



There were smiles on the faces of two successful candidates, Pauline Clayden, formerly of the Rambert-London ballet, and Yvette Huntley

A student from the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art, Joan Everell can act, sing and dance, and awaits her turn with confidence

Iris Cooper, pretty blonde dancer and soubrette, "limbers up" before going on to do her act at the Palace

An old stage hand of the Palace, who has seen scores of other Cochran productions, judges the audition from the wings



ous and Critical Audience



With Silent Friends

By Elizabeth Bowen

Solitary Battle

"WHO WALK ALONE" (Dent; 12s. 6d.) is an heroic story with a terrible subject—leprosy. How does a decent average man make out under the circumstances created by this disease? There are no half-measures in this extreme case: life must be either a defeat or a victory. In Ned Langford's case, the outcome is victory—not a cure of the illness, but a magnificent rising above it. And in helping himself, in being able to call, in spite of disaster, his soul and his fate his own, Langford helps the hundreds of others round him, his fellow-inhabitants of the leper island, who were at the start demoralised, useless, futureless, outcast, lost.

Dr. Perry Burgess, author of this remarkable book, has chosen to tell in the first person the story of a man whom he knew well. Throughout, it is Ned Langford who is the "I" of the book: one is given an insight into his heart and mind. The story is told, appropriately, in the language of a practical, not very articulate, and normally life-loving and emotional man—a simple person destined for an austere fate. The ordinariness of Ned Langford makes his adventures, somehow, more of a challenge: one asks oneself: "How would I behave, or how, for instance, would my friend So-and-So behave under circumstances as fantastic and fortunately as nearly unique as this?" Dr. Burgess himself has been for fifteen years President and Director of the American Leprosy Foundation. He is familiar with every aspect of the disease of which he writes, and is abreast with every form of research

by which it is hoped that leprosy—that traditional horror—may be rooted out of the modern world.

Given its subject, *Who Walk Alone* is restrained and unhorrorifying. If any reader were to take up this book for purely morbid reasons, he would be disappointed. Also, though there are some extraordinary scenes, there is no sensational writing for its own sake. There was only one passage that I found unbearably painful to read. The normal, human interest is very strong. Ned Langford, a cheerful young Missouri American, left college half-way through his time there to serve, with a Colorado volunteer regiment, in the American Army in the Philippines through and after the Spanish-American war of 1898. He does well, lives cleanly, makes friends and, when the campaign is over, returns home to his family and the family business, to take up American life at the point where he left it off. Nine years after his return from the Philippines, when he is an established citizen; doing well in business, happily in love and on the eve of marriage, mysterious symptoms declare themselves. Against the idea of what these may mean he battles for several months—this *must* be a fantastic fear! So rare are leprosy cases in America that he has to travel some way to find a doctor who knows. Then he hears his doom, and slowly realises it.

Isolation

BRIEF isolation, for quite mild illnesses, sets up in most of us a feeling of melancholy, of queerness, of being unlike the

rest of the world. Ned Langford, spending his first night after the doctor's verdict in a lonely and rat-infested shack near a garbage-dump outside the city, had to envisage squarely a whole lifetime of this. Can one wonder he looks longingly at the river? Later, he drives himself in an old car to New York: in a derelict house in a waste patch of New York he lives for a year, going for weekly treatments, reading all day, doing his own housework, walking the streets at night. Only his doctor and brother are in the secret: in order to save the feelings of his mother and fiancée he stages an apparent suicide. The treatment—of which no one entertained any great hopes—proving ineffective, he decides that this ghostly existence is not to be borne. He would live with less strain, he feels, among fellow-lepers, from whom he need keep no secret, whom he can salute and touch, with whom common hopes, fears, interests may be found. So he returns—how differently!—to the Philippines, to the leper colony island of Culion. His life here makes up the rest of the book.

Building a World

ALL the other patients are Philipinos. Langford becomes their leader, adviser, friend. A sad little boy he befriended on the boat over shapes into a lively and talkative house-servant. With this Tomas, Langford improves the small house that has been allotted to him, and creates a garden of dreamlike beauty, running from his windows down to the sea. Among other consolations, he cultivates blue orchids. With the approval of the authorities, he starts a fishing industry; later, he works very hard at the installation of an electric-light plant. Love, ecstatic but bound to end in renunciation, comes again into his life with the arrival at Culion of a Philippino lady, Carita, whom, in his Army days, he had known as a young girl. The disease deals with her less hardly than with him: she recovers and leaves the island; he goes

(Concluded on page 274)



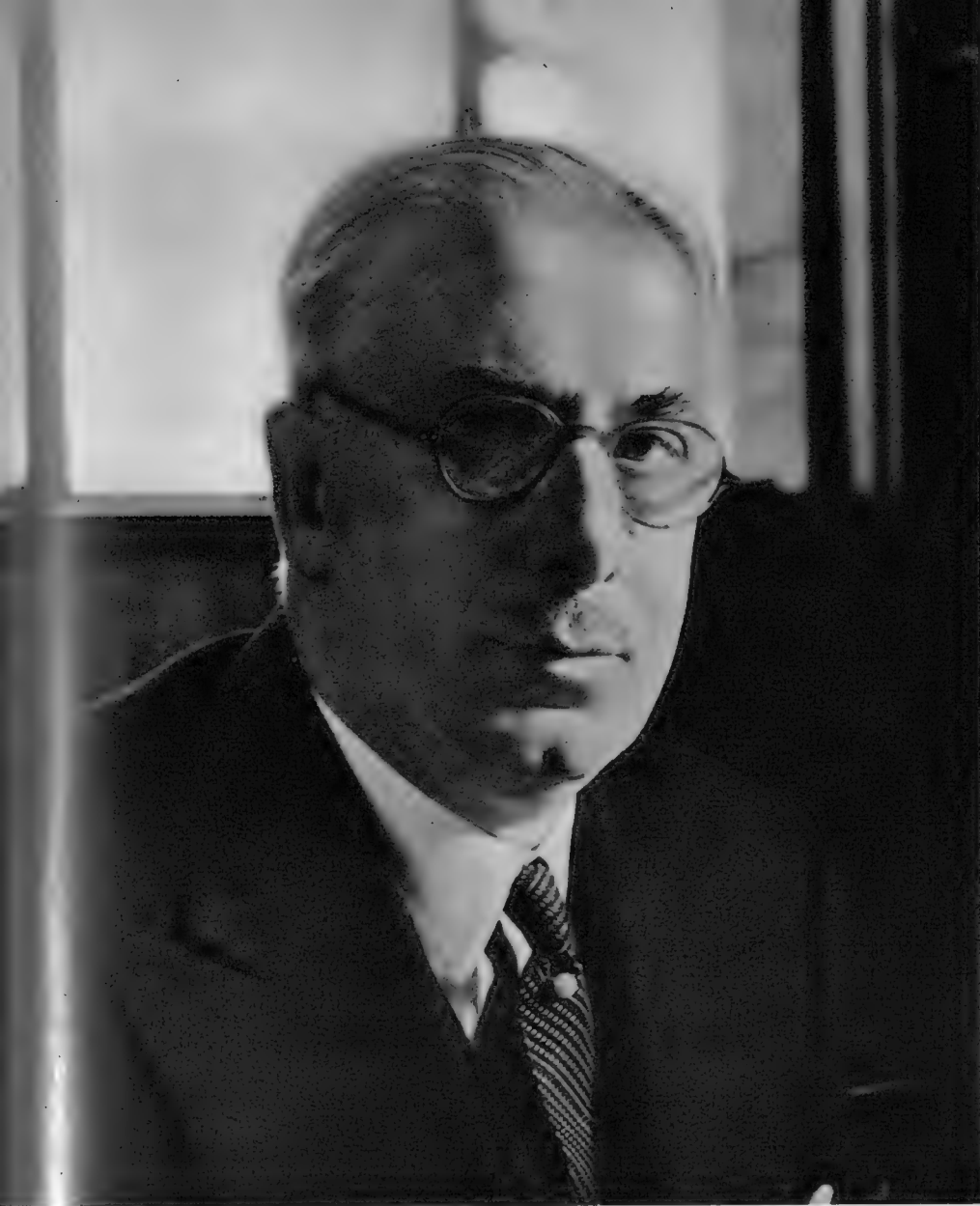
The Brains Trust Entertain (Or Are Entertained By) an American Guest

Alexander Woollcott (centre) ended his series of broadcasts for the B.B.C. by joining the Brains Trust and, evidently, giving them a lot of fun. The American novelist-critic-broadcaster-wit, who has been in England for some six weeks, was photographed with Dr. Julian Huxley, Commander A. B. Campbell and Donald McCullough, the question-master, while recording "Any Questions?" for last Sunday, November 16th. This was Dr. Huxley's last broadcast before his departure for America, where he is likely to join Woollcott on "Information, Please"

Leaders of Opinion

No. 6. The Editor-in-Chief and the Editor of the "Sunday Times"

James Gomer Berry is the third son of the late Alderman John Mathias Berry, of Merthyr Tydfil, of whom the eldest son was Lord Buckland of Bwlch, and the second is Viscount Camrose. Given a baronetcy in 1928 and raised to the peerage in 1936, Lord Kemsley is one of the most powerful "Press barons" in the country, owning more publications than he can count. But of them all, the *Sunday Times* is the one with which, as editor-in-chief, he is most particularly concerned. Its circulation—static while paper supplies are restricted—is now over 370,000, a figure never approached by any Sunday journal of the same class. In news as well as in features, Lord Kemsley's policy has always been to strengthen the appeal of the *Sunday Times* to the educated and intelligent. Similarly, he has transformed the "Daily Sketch" from an ordinary picture paper into a vigorous and well-informed journal, as respected as it is popular. Lord Kemsley is chairman of Allied Newspapers, which owns morning and evening papers in six cities, an evening in another, and six Sunday papers. With all of these, the chairman's continuous and close association is practically that of editor-in-chief. Before the war, five of Lord Kemsley's six sons were in business with him; now they are all in the Services. How their father gets through his work his closest colleague does not know—perhaps the secret is the immense pleasure he finds in all he does.



James Gomer Berry, First Baron Kemsley, Editor-in-Chief of the "Sunday Times," Chairman of Allied Newspapers, of the "Daily Sketch" and of the "Sunday Graphic"



W. W. Hadley, Editor
of the "Sunday Times"

William Waite Hadley was assistant editor of the "Sunday Times" for a short time before he became editor nearly ten years ago, in succession to the late Leonard Rees. He is one of the veterans of English journalism, with wide experience in the provinces and London. He was at one time editor of a paper in Merthyr Tydfil, the Welsh birthplace of the Berry family. Before joining the "Sunday Times," he was parliamentary correspondent and leader-writer on the "Daily Chronicle." At Kemsley House his two principal colleagues are Cyril Lakin, assistant editor, and Valentine Heywood, news editor.



Mr. Hadley and Lord Kemsley Discuss Next Sunday's Issue

Photographs by
Tunbridge-Sedgwick

With Silent Friends

(Continued)

on with his routine. Friendships and enterprises fill his days; he even goes off on a hunting expedition. *Who Walk Alone* has, among other things, the fascination of *Robinson Crusoe*—the story of someone making his own world out of a void. Some scenes and incidents in it are unforgettable. Both as an heroic record and a first-rate piece of narration, it is very much a book for these days.

The 'Twenties

MR. UPTON SINCLAIR is a prolific writer, and obviously a very impassioned one. On the pink slip loose in the pages of *Between Two Worlds* (Werner Laurie; 10s. 6d.) he gives an account of his method and frame of mind. "I have," he says, "supported myself by writing fiction since I was sixteen, which means for forty-six years. Now, all I have to do is to turn the spigot and the water flows." It certainly does: this is a torrential novel, in which the flaccid and slightly colourless characters seem to be whirled along. Most of these people, I understand, have already figured in *World's End*: if one has not read *World's End* their beginnings and backgrounds are bound to be nebulous. To read a sequel-novel of which one has not read the predecessor always gives one a slight feeling of guilt.

Mr. Sinclair has no time for style: his narrative method reminds one of an incoherent person talking in a train. But one must honour his important intention—which is to save the world (even now) by inducing thought and inviting social criticism. He is out to embody history, modern history, in fiction. Living (or recently living) characters appear—not, I think, very impressively—among his fictitious crowd: Mussolini, Isadora Duncan, Hitler, John Sargent, Sir Basil Zaharoff and others are present. I may say that young Lanny Budd, his mother Beauty and the members of their cosmopolitan set are not types that invite social criticism. It is hard to enter into their hopes and fears. The story opens in 1919 and closes with the New York crash of 1929. Young Lanny, his French amie Marie (who is his mother's age), his mother and her German lover Kurt (who is Lanny's age) start off as an almost idyllic quartet in the Riviera villa Bienvendu. At intervals, some or all emerge and dash about Europe, from capital to capital. But Kurt has been sombre since the German defeat, and Lanny becomes increasingly troubled by world affairs and dabbles, exceedingly mildly, in socialist politics. Papa Budd, the big armament man, continues to supply money from America.

As a picture of pure futility this could be good enough, but Mr. Sinclair lacks or abjures the satiric sense. His people are truly "nice," and pursue, at immense expense, the good and the beautiful. I must admit that I found them pretty fatiguing (there is a dullness, even, in their high-minded absence of morals) and Mussolini, Isadora Duncan, etc., did not do much, in my view, to gin them up. Still, I did pursue the tale to its cryptic end. We are clearly due to hear more of the Lanny Budds.

Crime and Character

I DON'T know how much distinction is generally made between the detective novel and the detective story. I should say that the latter depended on abstract plot,

capable of being worked out like a mathematical problem, with the characters necessary to the plot simplified down to A, B, C and D, and seldom departing from the accepted types. Whereas, in the former, character itself plays the principal part, and it is by analysing the different people's behaviour, and watching each of the men and women for any signs of crookedness or obsession, that we are likely to find the key to the mystery. Mr. E. R. Punshon's *The Dark Garden* (Gollancz; 8s.) is a fine example of the detective novel. It may not appeal so much to the kind of reader who cares for nothing but having a problem posed, and then solved, but those who like crime to have background, atmosphere and, above all, probability should certainly rate *The Dark Garden* high.

Mr. Punshon is a novelist in his own right, and he certainly knows how to set a scene. His picture of a prosperous Midland county town, in which the pleasing old buildings around the market square are rapidly giving place to American-style new offices, and in which the inhabitants strive to move with the times without quite shaking off their ancient local traditions, is extremely convincing. The landscape around the town, with its great forest and sinister, unfrequented canal, is equally well touched in. The mystery centres round an old and unimpeachably respectable firm of solicitors; one partner disappears suddenly, charges are made against him and all sorts of hanky-panky seems to be in the air. The already dramatic atmosphere—muffled as much as possible by everyone's wish for respectability—is heightened by the discovery of an illicit love-affair.

Case-Book

ULTIMATELY, the firm of Castles, Solicitors, provides a case-book for the

psychologist. Each of half-a-dozen discreet, orderly people is found by Inspector Bobby Owen (recently drafted from London to Midwych) to have some ruling passion, revenge-motive or kink. Then, the missing man is discovered in the canal. Has he duped, or has he been duped by, Anne Earle, the handsome, dark-browed, inscrutable girl clerk who has been his mistress? Several outside characters—Anne's painted hag of an aunt, the bull-like farmer who has been threatening the firm, the neurotic young man with the pistol who tried to defend Anne's honour—all start to converge on the mystery. The finale is a quite Hardy-esque scene, in which, by the light of a brush-fire in a deserted garden, an apparently dead girl rises up from her grave to denounce the killer. Mr. Punshon has, perhaps, treated us rather too generously in the matter of psychological clues—the solution was not a surprise to me—but that did not lessen the pleasure of seeing the thing worked out.

Iraq

THE Yazidi tribe, with their cult of the Peacock Angel, have, I understand, been the subject of several studies, but this does not make Lady Drower's *Peacock Angel* (John Murray; 10s. 6d.) less interesting. In the April of 1940 she left her house on the Tigris to travel among the Yazidis and to converse with them. She gives a picture of spring plains and of rocky valleys brilliant with flowers, of remote shrines and their votaries and of the customs of a seldom-visited people whom she found courteous and dignified. Photographs bear out her very able descriptions. Here is the essence of ancient peace—though nuns may smoke cigarettes and even Yazidi villages breed their bores. A magic-carpet flight from our present scene.

Caravan Canserie

By Richard King

THE Edwardian generation were given a poor deal in life. They began with such a flourish of ease and luxury, peace and plenty, and since then they have, so to speak, had their world blown sky-high twice! To say nothing of an interim of peace which was no peace at all, but rather a period of rumbling thunder which threatened them on all sides, instead of the promised "world fit for heroes to live in"—whatever that may mean, other than that it usually needs a hero to live in it.

"Oddy-upon-Wem" seems to be populated by this generation—or, rather, the generation which well remembers the death of Queen Victoria but doesn't like to be reminded of it. They are a lonely group. And, although there are moments when, it seems to me, a bomb might explode among us and leave the world exactly as it was before, one feels intensely sorry for them. Having lived the very prescribed lives of a one-time social convention as applied to gentlepeople, they cannot now adjust themselves to this violently changing New Order for which their experience has never given them a clue. Indeed, it is rather pathetic to watch their frantic endeavours to pretend to the Old Order of habits in a world which, at the moment, knows no order at all. In "Oddy-upon-Wem," however, they can make this pretence appear almost feasible. True, there are a lot of soldiers about, but, equally true, there are a lot of other Elderlies who, between eleven in the morning and luncheon, and again in the afternoon, can be

seen exercising their dogs. The golf course also seems well frequented. Moreover, in the Church-of-All-Saints the vicar or his curates still intone the lessons in that voice which seems so reminiscent of a singing ghost—this kind of spiritual crooning being considered appropriate to the word of God. So, on the whole, it is all very peacetime and pre-war, and, although it seems to lead to nowhere at all—well, that in the old days, always provided you could realise it in comparative comfort, was considered a genteel ideal for the elderly.

All the same, I often wish that I could replace the preachers in the pulpit by a recording of those two Sunday night Postscripts delivered recently over the air by an anonymous seaman; since, if clearer, more convincing evidence were needed of God-in-man in them it thereby reached perfection. And yet, what an uproar there would be if these were heard from the pulpit of the Church-of-All-Saints, wherein only some probably mythical heroism, self-sacrifice and spiritual Biblical grandeur is ever extolled. In the popular imagination saints must look like saints and act according to familiar sanctity. Which usually means a lot of beautiful words accompanied, metaphorically speaking, by slow music. Something which, sounding exalting, means very little. Otherwise, it leaves a disturbing sense of inferiority complex. Like reading that the housemaid who came to us and "left" quickly has just been awarded the George Medal for outstanding bravery. "Well," we comfort ourselves in secret, "she couldn't make beds."

Getting Married

The "Tatler and Bystander's" Review of Weddings



Rees—Davidson

Sub-Lieut. Ivor Macleod Rees, R.N., only son of Dr. and Mrs. Arthur Rees, of Haverstock Hill, Hampstead, and Helen Davidson, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Davidson, formerly of Smith Sq., S.W.1, now at Buckridges, Sutton Courtenay, Berks., were married at St. Saviour's, Walton Street



Harlip

Mrs. T. J. Gaskell

Barbara Jowett, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. P. H. Jowett, of the Royal College of Art, now at Ambleside, Westmorland, was married at St. Stephen's, South Kensington, to Thomas Josceline Gaskell, eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. H. M. Gaskell, of Kiddington Hall, near Oxford



Stewart—Walker

Lieut. Iain Maxwell Stewart, Fife and Forfar Yeomanry, son of the late W. Maxwell Stewart, and Mrs. Stewart, of Lochbrae House, Bearsden, and Margaret Jean Walker, daughter of Brig.-Gen. and Mrs. J. W. Walker, of Redburn, Irvine, Ayrshire, were married at St. Ninian's, Troon



Miller—Eykyn

Captain Patrick Miller, R.A.M.C., and Betty Eykyn were married at West Wittering, Sussex. He is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Findlay Miller, of Edinburgh, and she is the daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Eykyn, of West Wittering



Burke—Capel Slaughter

Captain Michael Antony Thomas Burke, Reconnaissance Corps, son of Major and Mrs. T. H. Burke, of Guildford, Surrey, and Peggy Kathleen Capel Slaughter, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Capel Slaughter, of Sandown, I.O.W., were married at Alresford, Hants.



Rowan—Paton

Lieut. William Gray Rowan, Royal Scots Fusiliers, and Mary Beaton Paton, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. D. Paton, of Rominar, Whitecraggs, Renfrewshire, were married at Newlands South Church, Glasgow. He is the second son of Captain and Mrs. J. G. Rowan, of Kilmorack, Troon, Ayrshire



McOwan—Backhouse

Surgeon-Lieut. Bernard M. McOwan, R.N.V.R., son of the Vicar of Rodington, Shropshire, and Margaret Clare Backhouse, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. O. Backhouse, of Railfield House, Wellington, Shropshire, were married at Longdon-on-Tern, Salop.



du Cros—Tipton

Harvey du Cros and Berena Tipton, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. T. R. Tipton, of Bradmore, Wolverhampton, were married at Maidenhead. He is the son of the late Harvey du Cros, and Mrs. W. F. Bates, of Longwood, Maidenhead, and a nephew of Sir Arthur du Cros, Bt.



Oliphant—Drake

Lieut. (A.) Ralph H. H. L. Oliphant, R.N., son of Captain H. G. L. Oliphant, R.N., and Mrs. Oliphant, and Barbara Mary Drake, youngest daughter of Prebendary and Mrs. Drake, of Berry Pomeroy, Devon, were married earlier this autumn at Exeter Cathedral

Pictures in the Fire

By "Sabretache"

An Amateur Handicapper

THIS is no reference to any amateur strategist, who quite frequently and also quite unwittingly is a "handicapper," but to a very good judge in our friend *The Sporting Life*, who has made out an estimate of the two-year-old form. He very modestly calls himself an "amateur," but I shall be much surprised if, when Mr. Fawcett produces his official pronouncement, he differs very greatly.

Our Newmarket friend puts his Majesty's filly Sun Chariot top of the class with 9 st. 7 lb., and the King's colt Big Game second with 9 st. 4 lb. Sun Chariot is entitled to a 3 lb. sex allowance, so according to this handicap she can afford to give that away and still be the equal of Big Game. I concur entirely. Claiming her 3 lb. allowance, what hope does it give Big Game or any of the other colts of taking her number down? Watling Street is placed third in this handicap at 9 st. 3 lb., 1 lb. less than Big Game. Again, absolutely correct on the Champagne Stakes (6 fur.) form at Newbury, where the King's colt only won by a short head.

What about Watling Street?

IT is impossible to quarrel with the handicapping of Big Game and Watling Street, but I suggest that on public form the latter has no claim to be considered only 4 lb. inferior to Sun Chariot. And this is why: in the Middle Park Stakes (6 fur.) on Oct. 9th she beat him out of sight, and also, incidentally, made a hack of the well-performed Ujiji at the sex allowance. We are told that we must not take any

notice of Watling Street's performance, because something put him all upside down on that day.

Two-year-olds as a rule are perfectly honest and are not given to being what is politely called too cheeky to race. If this colt is temperamental as a two-year-old, I should say that age is not likely to make him less so. Temperamental horses are just as trying as temperamental people, with whom it is either temper or mental, and more usually, in my experience, the latter!

And as we are on the subject of two-year-old handicaps, here is a July estimate, which is useful for purposes of comparison with the present one: Big Game 9 st., Ujiji 8 st. 8 lb., Umballa 8 st. 7 lb., Gold Nib 8 st. 6 lb., Sun Chariot 8 st. 6 lb., Watling Street 8 st. 3 lb., so that even before the last-named had so nearly beaten Big Game they thought him 3 lb. inferior to the King's filly. Now our studious Newmarket friend says that he is only 4 lb. her inferior. Even if we forget this peculiar performance in the Middle Park, in which obviously he never meant to have a go, I submit that this is a rather too favourable view. Personally, I should not be surprised to see the filly give him 7 lb. and a beating at any time.

Cavalry Training at Wagga Wagga

IN view of what a German Admiral has told the Japs they could do to Australia, a letter I have just had from a former officer of The Black Horse



A Christening in India

This picture was taken after the christening at Christ Church, Jubulpore, India, of David Peter Amyatt, the baby son of Major and Mrs. Peter Leir. In front: Major Leir, Mrs. Leir and David, Mrs. J. Orr, proxy godmother; behind: Major J. Orr and the Rev. J. Bagley. Major Leir, a grandson of Admiral E. W. Leir, D.S.O., is in the I.A.O.C., and Mrs. Leir was Miss Elizabeth Ryan

(7th Dragoon Guards) who, with some other ex-cavalry soldiers, is very busy training Australian Light Horse regiments at Wagga Wagga, N.S.W., is of more than passing interest. My correspondent also tells me that in the big steeplechases, such as the V.R.C. Grand National, they have substituted "brush" fences for the former terribly solid post and rails and walls, which latter were solid stone masonry with a log bolted along the top. These were real cut-throat things and the tale of serious casualties to men and horses was not a little gruesome. However, here is the letter:

From time to time I have been very interested in your notes on Steeplechasing. Recently, the *Australasian*, a weekly Melbourne paper,



The Opening of the Irish Hunting Season: the Killing Kildares Meet at Johnstown Inn

Miss Alma Brooke, who does war work in England, and Mrs. Robert Kennedy, with Susan and Jane Kennedy, were at the opening meet of the Kildare Hounds. Miss Brooke's father, Sir Francis Brooke, Bt., was formerly Joint-Master of this pack

Mrs. George Angel brought her sons, Charles and James, to the meet, which took place at Johnstown Inn, near Naas. Mrs. Angel's husband, now in the Army, was before the war Master of the Thurles and Kilshane, and the North Kilkenny Hounds

The Hon. Mrs. Bryan Bourke, Lord Mayo's daughter-in-law, was photographed with Mr. Claude Odum and his daughter, Audrey Odum, who was on leave from Y.M.C.A. work in England. Mr. Odum is a member of the committee hunting the Kildare Hounds this season

Pool, Dublin

published some old photographs of the Victoria Racing Club's Grand National Steeplechase. One in particular showed the field crossing the stone wall known as "The Cathedral." Thinking you might be interested in such a picture, I am enclosing a print. As well as I can remember, the race shown in this represents the Grand National Steeplechase of 1902, won by a horse called Bay Eagle. But during the last four or five years all jumping races round Melbourne have been run over "brush" jumps, so that even in this country a stone wall is almost a thing of the past on a racecourse.

This, of course, has not been a Cavalry War, and one so well remembers your notes during the last War when waiting for the opportunity which virtually never came of a really big Cavalry action. However, I was lucky enough to be with the 7th D.G.'s when they charged machine-guns on the 8th August, 1918. Casualties amongst horses were particularly heavy, but, I believe, we *did* punch "the gap" in the enemy's machine-gun line and so, we were told, enabled the advance to be carried on.

We have quite a number of Cavalry and Ex-Cavalry Officers out here, and although not young enough for Active Service, they are doing quite well training the Light Horse Regiments, which are really Home Defence Units.

With the way the war is developing in Russia, it is just possible that Horsed Cavalry may come into their own again, and let us hope such will be the case.

Hurdle races round Melbourne are still run over "timber" ("open"), not "brush" hurdles. "The Cathedral" jump shown in the photograph was over 4 ft. in height.

The present-day Australian steeplechase "seat" is of the short leather "forward" type. This district has as its "capital" Wagga Wagga, where The Claimant (one Orton) planned his offensive on the Tichborne baronetcy!

One imagines that the nickname of "The Cathedral" was given to the stone-wall jump in question by a "deteriorating" professional, but who knows?

The time (at date of picture) taken to run the full distance, 3 miles 1 fur., was 6 min. 33½ sec.

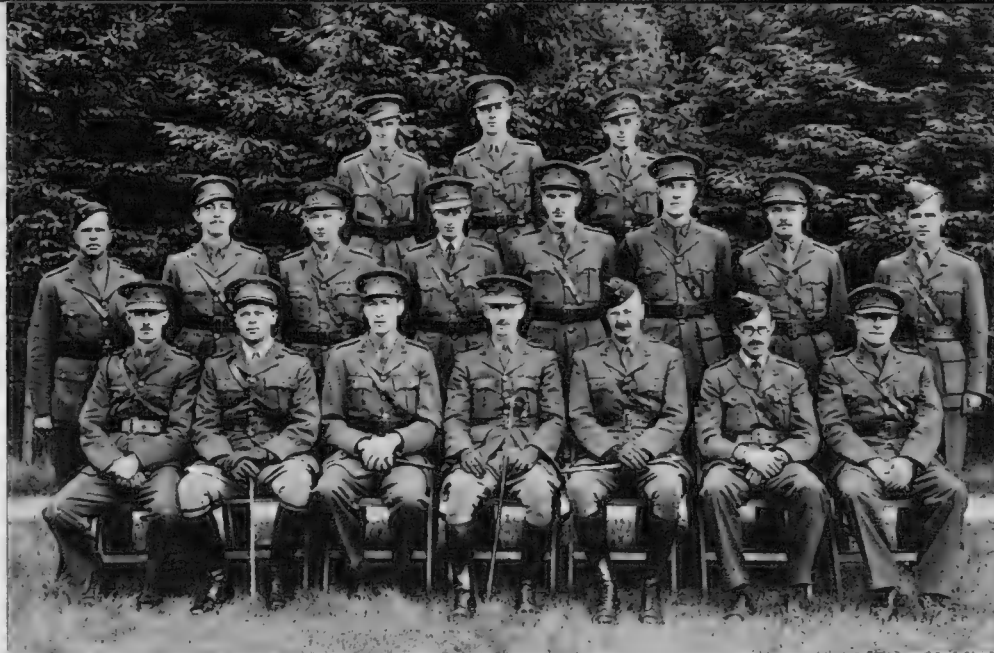
The big wall is one of two on the Flemington course, and the height used to be 4 ft. 1 inch. It is well called "The Cathedral" for it is absolutely solid.

"The Looker-on"

THE Second Anniversary number of this brother in the thing that is mightier than the sword has just come from Bombay, its port of origin, and I should like to add my own to the many other congratulations which I am sure have reached its progenitor and its editor. The *Looker-on's* motto is, of course, the obvious one, and he certainly conveys the impression that he sees most of the game, for he quarters the whole of that vast and attractive Empire of India, of which so many of us cherish the happiest memories.

To anyone who can claim even a nodding acquaintanceship with the brightest jewel in the Imperial diadem, this well-groomed magazine is a refreshment. At this moment it is of particular value, for it holds up the mirror to India's "vie intime" in a manner which the mere record of the daily round and the common task can never do. The people in her may change, but India herself is eternal.

The first page in this number is most appropriately devoted to that very gallant soldier, 2nd Lieut. Premendra Singh Bhagat, V.C., the first Indian to win the Cross "For Valour" in this war. He got it at Metemma with the Royal Bombay Sappers and Miners, and what he and his party did was to uncover and make harmless the Italian mines and open the road. He cleared fifteen minefields, each with 300 mines or thereabouts, and he did 55 miles of road. He was twice blown up, but carried on till forced by shock and exhaustion to consent to be relieved. The V.C. has never been more gallantly won.



A Divisional Signals Unit

Front row : Captain J. R. Ross, Major J. Cochrane, Captain (and Adjutant) J. Gray, Lieut.-Col. A. H. Lennie, M.M.T.D., Major A. T. Wood, Captain T. B. B. Bingham, Lieut. Toogood

Middle row : Sec.-Lieut. R. F. Locke, Captain A. T. Macdonald, Lieut. (and Quartermaster) G. Shergold, Lieuts. G. P. Burt, G. D. Mackinnon, F. A. Wright, Sec.-Lieuts. C. W. Fountain and D. J. McKenna

Back row : Sec.-Lieuts. H. W. Russell, W. B. Ferguson and H. S. Walton

Prenex Garde!

IT has been conveyed to me that the little warning concerning garrulity cannot be too heavily underlined at this particular moment. In other words, this means that the ground is thicker than usual with persons who are in a position to do a great deal of harm, and incidentally, are not doing their work for nothing. In time of war everyone innocent and merely foolish and professional agent alike is a potential vehicle of information. The indiscreet are the most dangerous of all.

A number of these garrulous ones are impelled by a desire for self-advertisement, but they never pause to consider what grievous harm their vanity may cause. It is too late when communications of this description are made to you to do anything. The Prime Minister has uttered a very timely warning, and it behoves every one

of us to understand that at such a moment as this we must put the gag on : hear nothing, see nothing, know nothing; even if far stricter measures than at present exist are imposed upon the larger number of potential agents still at large. When a state of war exists, you can take no risks. The ignorance of the garrulous imposes many added ones upon those charged with the conduct of operations.

The Idiot Boy, whom we so often see upon the flicks and the stage, is not so unreal as one may imagine. I consider him to be most dangerous, especially when he is a good enough actor not to overdo it. The Drunker is another of whom it is as well to be wary, for quite often he is not as drunk as all that, and his well-assumed bonhomie ought to tell us at once to watch out. Spring something on him and it is almost any odds on his giving himself away.



Officers of a Searchlight Battery R.A.

Standing : Sec.-Lieuts. R. A. Gourd, J. M. Keenan, W. P. Javan, V. E. Lucas, and J. E. Ward
Seated : Sec.-Lieuts. W. W. Thom, A. M. Panton, Captain E. C. Patrick, Major D. S. Daly, Captain E. B. Williams, Sec.-Lieuts. A. Stopher and C. F. Wyatt

Air Eddies

By Oliver Stewart

What Can a Hurricane?

IN some ways the Hawker Hurricane reminds me of those Victorian maids-of-all-work; of those wisp-like, Cockney creatures who used to live in a freezing attic and to slave morning, noon and night, at every sort of job—including carrying the bath-water up three flights of stairs—for our grandfathers. For the Hurricane is called on to do everything, at all hours of the day and night, and is expected to show an inexhaustible fund of willing energy, resource and devotion.

That business of putting bombs on is just like carrying the bath-water up three flights of stairs, and the only difference is, that a Hurricane has the necessary size and stamina. But it is noticeable that when there is a new fighter job to be done, the call is always on the Hurricane. "Emily! Come here at once!" the cry used to ring morning, noon and night through those tall, echoing houses, now mostly turned into flats. And the call for the Hurricane is just as frequent and just as imperative.

It has been to every part of the world where there is a war on; it has done every kind of job that a fighter can do and a good many that some fighters would find great difficulty in doing; it has fought over land and over water; high up and low down; it has fought with machine-guns and with cannon; by day and by night. And in every case it has acquitted itself well.

Fighters as Bombers

BUT the most remarkable thing about the use of the Hurricane for carrying bombs is that it shows how the history of air war repeats itself. In 1914-18 the fighters started as fighters. Then came the call for heavier and more varied attack from the air on ground targets. So the fighters were given bomb-racks and carried small bombs.

This time I felt that we should foresee the needs clearly enough to have specialised types for all major kinds of operation. But it has not proved so. The day bombers have had hard and dangerous work, and they have found it difficult to penetrate enemy defences without heavy losses.

So the point was forced home by practical experience that the day bomber (and it will be the same with the night bomber if night-interception methods are improved) must have performance; that performance is the bomber's best defence.

The Hurricane has been doing remarkably well and will continue to do well with its bombs. It can go in where other aircraft fear to tread, owing to its great powers of manoeuvre, its speed and climb. So all hail, the Hurri-bomber!

Sweep

MEANWHILE it is worth remembering that the cannon of Hurricanes and of Spitfires have been extremely effective in low-level attacks. The sweeps made by the Fighter Command over Occupied France are valuable, because they enable specific targets to be attacked with accurate fire.

There are many problems attached to attacks on objectives in occupied countries, because it is obviously necessary to avoid, so far as possible, killing and injuring the people of the country or damaging property not used by the Germans for the prosecution of the war.

So here the cannon comes in well. It has been used on supply trains, ships, aerodromes, gas-holders and similar targets, and used with remarkable success. I feel that in this use of the cannon the Fighter Command is pioneering a form of attack of which more will be heard in the future.

Meanwhile, we all await the appearance on the front of new types of aircraft. The Germans are supposed to be getting their Focke-Wulf fighters ready and also a new twin-engined



Fighter-Pilot—Now a Prisoner

This drawing of Flight-Lieut. Peter Gardner, D.F.C., was made by Betty Lee when she was attached as a W.A.A.F. driver to the squadron with which he was serving. He served in France, over Dunkirk and in the Battle of Britain, was more than once shot down, and has at least fifteen German aircraft to his credit. He led sweeps over France until shot down over St. Omer and taken prisoner. He is twenty-three, and the only son of Mrs. Gardner, of Beacon Hill Park, Hindhead

Messerschmitt. I know little about this latter machine, but believe that it is an offshoot of the 110.

Enough has been stated officially of our own preparations to enable it to be said that we also shall have new and faster types in operation. They will include the Typhoon, whose appearance on active service is awaited with interest. It may prove to be the most effective fighting aeroplane yet produced.

More Un-fan Mail

A SHORT time ago I spoke of my weekly post-bag of un-fan mail. It has been added to lately by a letter which deprecates my expressions of opinion on serious matters. Strangely enough, I hold that twenty-seven years' experience of aviation, which includes a period of active flying covering single-seat fighting, experimental flying and Government test flying, entitles me to express serious opinions about aviation when I think it to be in the national interest to do so.

Some criticisms which would be fully justified cannot, during war, be made because of the enemy's long ears. But some can do the enemy no good and, if they are listened to, can do us a lot of good. So even at the risk of vastly increasing my un-fan mail I shall still occasionally give my readers serious opinions on the way of the air war.

Paper Salvage

THIS is just a reminder to Royal Air Force stations and to aircraft and aero-engine works that all the waste paper they can muster is wanted for munitions-making.

In this matter, by the way, a lot could be done by Air Ministry order and by the people who administer Air Force and other law. I imagine that more than half the waste paper in this country is kept because of the possibility of having to "prove" something. And there is a firm belief—in the Service and out of it—that a bit of paper with a signature, or a manifest, or a deed or licence is the last word that can be said.

Abolish the over-estimation of the legal value of the written word and you would bring in all the waste paper the Minister of Supply wants to release our shipping. Whether such a course is likely I do not know, but I am sure that in a war of this intensity it is possible.



Dogs of a Fighter Squadron and Their Masters

When off duty, officers of an R.A.F. Fighter Squadron take their dogs for a run. In the picture are Pilot-Officer P. Olver with Rastus and Gypsy, Pilot-Officer W. M. Whitmore with Garm, Flying-Officer E. J. Partridge with Jimmy, and the Alsatian, She

D. R. Stuart



BY APPOINTMENT
TO H.M. KING GEORGE VI

*Quality
Tells*



Sanderson's LUXURY BLEND SCOTCH WHISKY

THE HIGHWAY OF FASHION

by M. E. BROOKE

Wedding dresses are in the news—not the elaborate pre-war affairs, but something different that may subsequently be worn on informal occasions. Leave is often given unexpectedly, and then it is that the prospective bride has little time to consider her trousseau. Fortnum and Mason, Piccadilly, are specialising in these frocks and accessories, as well as in bridesmaids' dresses. It is interesting to note that blue is undoubtedly the favourite colour. Illustrated below on the left is a bridal dress carried out in pale blue crêpe. The corsage is tucked, finished with a neat turn-over collar and short sleeves. Deeper tucks appear on the skirt. There are charming dance frocks—of course, they are quite simple and very often have high necks. Cross-over bodices have returned. A feature is made of renovations and remodelling, thereby giving a new lease of life to the garments



Women always admire the suits at Finnigans, New Bond Street, as they are admirably tailored and cut; the "lines" are simple and flatter the figure. To them must be given the credit of the coat and skirt above, which is carried out in Scotch tweed. The jacket is a study in steel grey and iron blue. The skirt is plain, with double pleats in front which are so arranged that it looks narrow and straight, but nevertheless the movements of the wearer are never handicapped. Then there are the slacks of tweed and velvet corduroy in cheerful and dark shades, which have a slimming effect on the figure. It is sometimes overlooked that Finnigans have a section for millinery. Many of the hats are enriched with fur to match the fur-trimmed wrap coats. They would utilise the customer's own fur if desired

Recently a film was produced (it ran for five minutes) showing the deleterious effect that unknown cosmetics had on the complexion. These products are generally sold by the black market and therefore it is essential that only cosmetics created by well-known firms be used. Everything that bears the name "Yardley" is absolutely pure and has a beneficial effect on the skin. This firm advocates the need for economy in their use on account of the shortage. Wherever possible, refills must be bought. Illustrated below are some of their specialities, including bath and face soap, shaving soap and Lavendomeal. A wrinkle worth remembering is that soap lasts much longer if the tablet is held under a cold-water tap after using



8. "Mayfair Flower" Headdress of gilt leather Gardenias. 42/-. Posies to match—"single Gardenias" from 9/6 each. (No coupons.)

8

9. Attractive Candle Centre. Complete with Candles and glass leaves. In green only. Can also be used for real flowers. 16/6 complete. (No coupons.)

9

6. Attractive Set made in lace with two rows of Val Lace at edge. In White or Pink. 18/9 per set. (No coupons.)

7. Smart Peggy Bag in real Hornback Lizard-skin, two outside pockets on strong clip frame, and fitted inner division and Mirror. Size, 8½ by 7½ inches. (No coupons.) 9 gns.

1. Smart Bugle Bead Collar Necklet—in a variety of shades—39/6 each. (No coupons.)

2. Real Skin Zip Powder-Cases. The ideal Practical Gift. (No coupons.) 21/- each.

3. "Happy Landings" Novelty Crêpe-de-Chine Square Scarf. Ground colours: White, Air-Force Blue, Purple. (Two coupons.) 52/6 each.

4. Suède Belt with gilt Doves and two gilt Buckles. In Black, Brown, Navy, Wine, Red, Lime, Royal and all Pastel Shades. All sizes stocked. (No coupons.) 16/9 each.

5. Sheer Lawn floral Shadow Handkerchief. Original and dainty. In White only. 2/11 each. (4 handkerchiefs for one coupon.)

10. Fine Quality Paste Brooch in distinctive design. 89/6. (No coupons.)

10

I

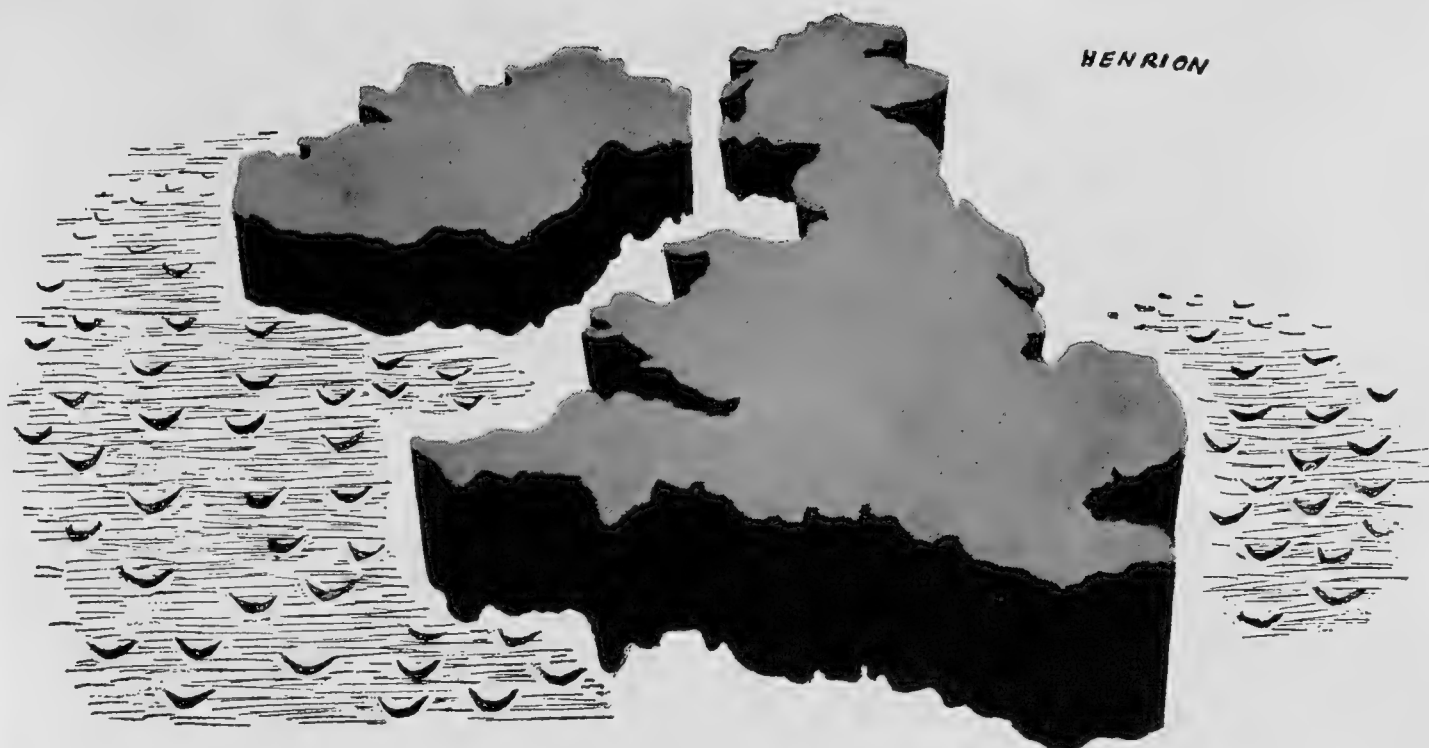
IDEAS for CHRISTMAS GIFTS from
MARSHALL & SNELGROVE
Oxford Street, LONDON, W.1.



“Mooring Ship”

By Wing-Commander E. G. Oakley-Beuttler

When a ship comes alongside she is moored to the dock-wall or basin. Wire ropes and hawsers are run to the capstans and the ship hove alongside. The hawsers are then made fast to the bitts or bollards. There is always a bit of a flurry over this operation, which isn't as simple as it sounds. This picture shows a bollard on the quarter-deck of a battleship being torn from its socket, while one of the 15-inch guns bends under the strain of a capstan heaving down on the hawser passed over it by mistake. A good time is being had by all



BACKBONE OF BRITAIN

This is hardly the time to talk of leisure. But, in easing the worker's lot, the tradition so long established by Ford in peace-time is continued through the war. Releasing the men from unnecessary fatigue, by providing means of mechanical lifting where lifting is necessary, by ensuring good conditions of light and air and hygiene, by seeing to the slightest scratch so as to prevent more serious illness, Ford continues to make men as well as machines—men among the best citizens in the land. Men who are in the forefront of Britain's finest workers.

When the war is won, these ideals of Ford will be still further developed, for as ever—

FORD MARCHES ON

Bubble and Squeak

Stories from Everywhere

THE summer sale was at its height, the shop was crowded, and tempers were wearing thin. The assistants looked thoroughly weary.

One woman who had fought her way to a counter thought she wasn't receiving sufficient attention.

"If, I were trying to match politeness," she snapped, staring at an assistant, "I'd have a hard time in this shop."

"Madam," said the assistant, icily, "will you kindly let me see your sample?"

THE mistress was chatting with her coloured servant in the kitchen.

"And so your wedded life was not so happy, Hannah?" asked the lady of the house. "What was the trouble. December married to May?"

"Lan' sake, no, mum!" replied the darkie woman. "Labour Day wedded to de Day of Rest!"

THE racecourse tipster was trying to persuade the crowd round him to buy his tips.

"You all know me!" he shouted hoarsely.

"I give you all the winners. I gave you Bright Eyes, April the Fifth, and Owen Tudor! And what did I do at Newmarket? And what did I do at Newmarket? What did I do at Kempton? What did I do at Lewes? What did—"

Then a voice came from the crowd:

"Ere, tell 'em wot you did at Dartmoor."

A YARN from America:

The young and very conceited ham actor was in definite trouble. Out of work for the past year, his entire capital ran into two figures: seventeen cents.

Seated with a buddy in a hotel lobby, the ham debated several courses he might take. Suddenly, he snapped his fingers.

"It's all getting on my nerves," he cried. "For two cents, I'd go and join the marines."

The ham friend couldn't believe his ears.

"Are you serious about that?" he gasped.

The ham nodded.

"Yes," he cried. "But there's only one thing that holds me back. I'd hate to disappoint the army and the navy!"

A WELL-KNOWN American author met an old negro called Uncle Joe, who was always cheerful in spite of having had more than his share of life's troubles.

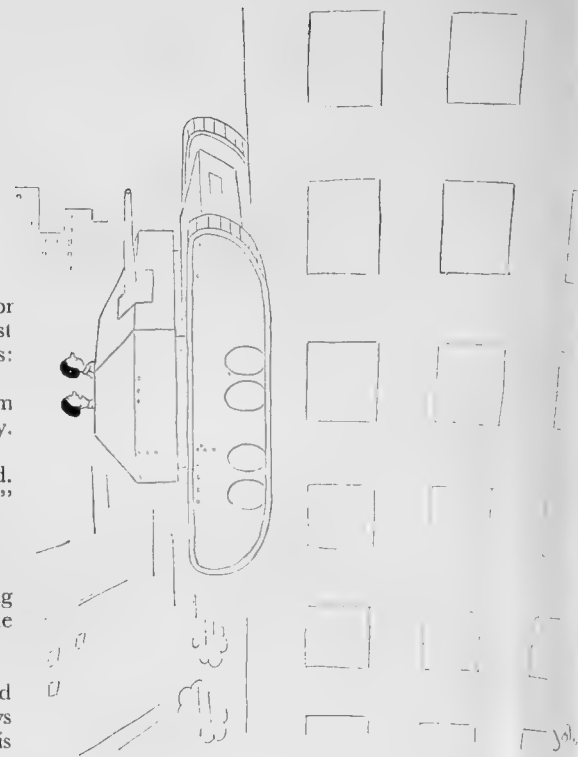
"How have you managed to retain your calmness and cheerfulness in spite of them all?" asked the author.

"Well, sah, Ah'll tell you," replied Uncle Joe. "Ahse jest learned to co-operate wid de inevitable."

BOMBS had fallen for the first time in a safe area.

Two evacuees stood round surveying the ruins.

"Blimy," said one, "fair makes you 'ome-sick, don't it?"



"Change down, she's knocking!"

BROWN had been ill, and he was out for the first time. As he went slowly down the street two friends of his watched him sadly.

"Brown's looking awfully groggy these days," remarked the first. "Look how white and thin he's got."

"Yes," agreed the other. "He looks just like a bottle of milk with shoes on!"

(Concluded on p. 286)



"I'm sorry you haven't an Anglepoise too"

We are very sorry there are not enough Anglepoise Lamps to go round at present, so that the many kind folk who are knitting for the Services and doing other useful work for their country cannot enjoy this great boon.

But we feel sure that our friends will realise that their manufacture for the public is restricted—which explains their scarcity.

There are still a few to be had here and there in the shops... but otherwise we can only look forward to happier days when Anglepoise Lamps will be as plentiful—and as popular—as of yore.

Pat. all countries

Sole Makers:

HERBERT TERRY & SONS LTD., REDDITCH
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TERRY'S Anglepoise LAMP

★ Well worth
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— but they all say

VOTRIX VERMOUTH

Every cocktail is drunk with zest when Votrix Vermouth is one of the ingredients. For Votrix is British... equal to the best imported vermouth... made in the same way—yet it costs quite a lot less. Naturally enough it's in big demand these days and supplies are not unlimited. So don't be put off if you have to ask more than once before you get it.



PRODUCED AND BOTTLED BY VINE PRODUCTS LTD. • KINGSTON • SURREY

Bubble and Squeak

(Continued from page 284)

A SCOTSMAN, notorious as a sceptic, had erected a massive mausoleum for his final rest. One day he noticed David, an elder of the kirk, gazing at it.

"Strong place, that, David," he said. "It'll tak' a mon some tae rise up oot o' that on the Day of Judgment."

"Hoots, mon," replied David, "ye can gie yersel' little trouble aboot risin' when that day comes. They'll tak' the bottom oot of it and let ye fa' doon."

A YOUNG recruit, newly joined, approached the sergeant-major and asked:

"Is it possible to get a transfer to the same regiment as my father?"

"Perhaps," was the reply, "but you'd better come and see the company officer."

On the way, he asked the recruit:

"By the way, what regiment is your father in?"

"Oh," replied the lad, brightly, "he's in the Home Guard!"

A STEWARD stood at the gangway of the liner and kept shouting for the benefit of the passengers:

"First class to the right, second class to the left."

A young girl stepped daintily aboard with a baby in her arms. As she hesitated before the steward, he bent over her and asked:

"First or second?"

"Oh!" said the girl, her face as red as a beetroot. "Oh, dear, it's not mine!"



"Ah, well, now he's a Minister without Portfolio."

A RATHER nice little story is going about of a woman who joined a queue thinking it must lead to something edible. After some time she asked a neighbour in the queue: "What are you waiting for?"

"The Tales of Hoffmann," was the reply.

"Ah, well," said the inquirer, "I suppose they will stew as well as any other tails."

"HAVE you any excuse to offer why you should have been found drunk and incapable?" asked the magistrate.

"It was entirely due to the war, your honour."

"And what has the war got to do with it?"

"Well, your honour, the railings by which I used to go home have been removed in the interest of the war effort."

AN Australian tried to enlist at Sydney. He was refused on account of bad feet. Next morning he applied again.

"It's no use, I can't take you. You couldn't stand the marching," said the medical officer. "But why are you so insistent?"

"Well," said the other. "I walked 187 miles to get here, and I'd hate to walk back."

Russia—And Waste Paper

Waste paper is urgently needed for munitions: Russia urgently needs munitions.

Have you turned out your hoard of old magazines, books you'll never read, old Christmas cards, price lists, time tables, cardboard boxes?

One ton of waste paper makes 1,500 shell containers, 71,000 dust covers for aero engines. Turn out every drawer and cupboard. Scrap the lot! Your local Council will collect.

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The Hystogen method corrects painlessly and permanently all facial imperfections, and saves the face from premature decay. The Hystogen method, invented and practised by a Swiss specialist with 30 years' experience is the only scientific and genuine method to improve the face practised by the Medical Profession. 10,000 men and women have already benefited by this miraculous method, without the aid of which many would have to retire from active life. Call for a free consultation or write for literature.

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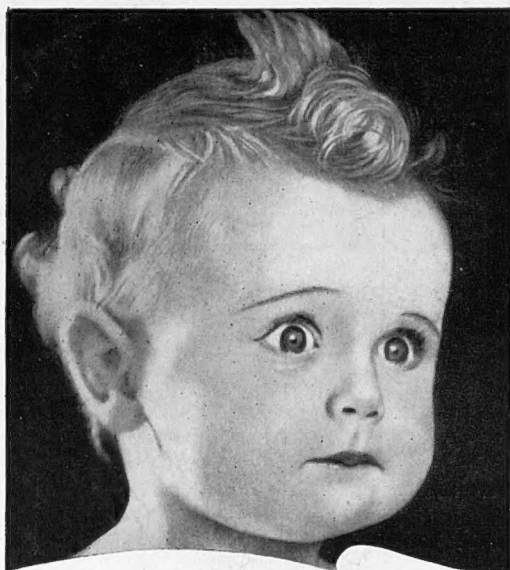
**Facing the world with
a one-suit wardrobe**

Now that it looks as though the time may come when you'll be facing the world with a one-suit wardrobe—ask your tailor to cut it in Sportex. A suit of this firm-woven Scottish cloth will keep you looking serenely well-turned-out in town or country long after the average suit would be showing serious signs of overwork.



"Have it cut in **SPORTEX**
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SCOTLAND'S HARDEST WOVEN CLOTH FOR TOWN AND COUNTRY WEAR



Dear me!
Father
Xmas
not
coming?

He must, of course! War or no war the children will expect him. Old and needy folk will be anxious about *their* Christmas, too.

Every year The Salvation Army spreads Christmas cheer where distress is deepest. This year there is so much to do—and so little money with which to do it. Will you co-operate in giving some poor child, some needy man or woman, a happier Christmas? You will? Thank you!



Please send your gift (marked Xmas Fund)
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in-time’
saves —
5 COUPONS!

A Braemar that has seen long and honourable service can be made to look almost like new by the experts of the Stitch-in-Time Service. Holes can be mended, worn places re-woven, elbows restored, skirts re-shaped. There is no purchase tax on repairs (unless a piece of new material is used) and of course no coupons are needed. Only difficulty is, excessive popularity of this new service. It's a good idea to send off your Braemar now (through your retailer) and have it back in good time all ready for winter service.

All garments must be sent through a retailer, please!



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Owing to the large demand we are at present greatly restricted as regards the purposes for which these steels can be supplied.

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The Society's ‘Children's men’ help the children in every known case of unnecessary suffering. The responsibility is greater than ever nowadays. Will you help with a special war-time Christmas gift?

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40 watt Pearl 1/7 75 watt Pearl 1/10
60 " " 1/7 100 " " 2/-
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Cottage Interior, by de Pape, (1620-1666).

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